THE BUCKEYES ARE BACK

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 11, 1968 50 CENTS

OHIO STATE'S JANKOWSKI CATCHES TOUCHDOWN PASS AGAINST MSU

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE PLAYBOY CLUB HOTEL LAKE GENEVA, WISCONSIN

The Kings Road Collection shows sports of all sorts how to play the game.

The name of the game right now happens to be colors. Especially mixing and matching them.

And the nicest thing about mixing and matching colors from the Kings Road Collection is you don't have to.

We've done it for you.

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Coordinated with Perma-Prest® casual slacks from The-Men's-Store. The polyester and cotton pair, under $8; the stretch slacks, right, are dual-action Scotchgard™ treated, under $9.

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KINGS ROAD COLLECTION

Sears The·Men's·Store

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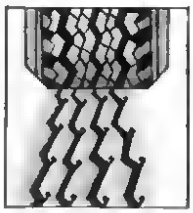
Sears Superwide fiber glass snow tire. New, it averaged 11% better traction than ordinary snow tires.

At 15,000 miles it averaged twice the traction.

Some things seem to improve with age.



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Tested against the five leading snow tires the Sears Superwide averaged 11% better starting traction when it was brand new.

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The Sears Superwide The more you drive it the better it seems to get

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Sears

ALLSTATE

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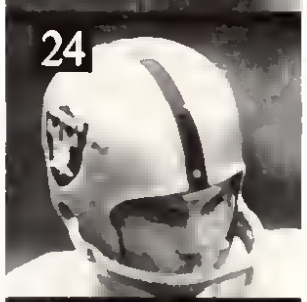

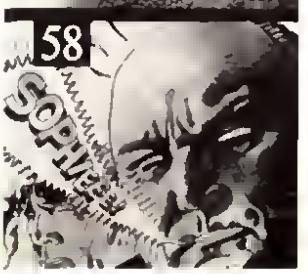

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, James A. Linen, President, D. W. Brumbaugh, Treasurer, John F. Harvey, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Continental U.S. subscriptions $9 a year, Alaska, Canada, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands $10 a year, military personnel anywhere in the world $6 a year, all others $14 a year

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Next week

THE KILLY STYLE—and how to get it—is described by the world's best skier in his first article since he won three skiing gold medals at the Grenoble Winter Olympic Games.

THE CENTURY DIVISION may not be the NFL's strongest, but two of its teams, St. Louis and Cleveland, are engaged in a hot race for the title. Tex Maule assesses their chances.

THE AGGIE JOKE is a staple of Texas humor, but today's Aggies—including civilians and even coeds now—are not quite the down-home, just-folks targets they used to be.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Sam Toperoff, who wrote *The Mafia at Saratoga (page 58)*, is a gentle man, a connoisseur of 19th century American writers, old furniture—and horses. Horse racing makes strange stallfellows, and though there are no Mafioso in his English classes at Hofstra University, he did meet a trio of "pasta-faced," long-black-limousine types in researching his article, which also will appear as one chapter of a new book, *Crazy Over Horses* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $5.75). He might never have started the whole thing had not the Dodgers, whom he was also crazy about, deserted Brooklyn. The departing Bums left an enormous void, and to fill it his casual interest in racing became a passion.

An earlier love was basketball. As a kid he would spend hours shooting baskets, and by the time he entered Queens' (N.Y.) Andrew Jackson High he was copying every move of his hero, an AJH alumnus named Robert Cousy. Sam wore Cooz's old jacket and number, but most of the talent left with Cousy. Toperoff thinks he would have been a better player had he concentrated more on developing his own style. After graduation, an unsuccessful year of college and a stretch in the Army, he entered Hofstra, more mature but paying more attention to basketball than to his studies. In the middle of his junior year he quit the team for more serious pursuits. "I didn't like the kind of person I was becoming," he says. The next year he graduated *cum laude*, and two years later he received an M.A. in English from Lehigh. He wanted to teach but was uninterested at the time in getting a doctorate. "It was just contrariness," he says. "The fact that it was required almost made me want to try to make it some other way." For the past seven years he has been an extremely popular English instructor at Hofstra, but he hasn't made it that "other way." Unless the tenure ruling is changed or he is reinstated before June, he will be forced to leave Hofstra. "Sorry, Sam, *no Ph.D.*" *is* what it amounts to now. In spite of the hanging ax, Sam isn't too alarmed. He is working on his third book and is looking forward to more free-lancing. Money may be a little scarce, but he decided years ago that in the long run hardships can be a good thing. In fact, the advantages of having disadvantages was the theme of his first novel, an autobiography called *All the Advantages*, published in 1967 and nominated for a Pulitzer Prize. Sam believes that kids who suffer hard knocks may "make it" later for just that reason, and he cites his own childhood.

TOPEROFF IN HOFSTRA CLASS

Sam's father, who died in 1955, had very little time to spend with his son. "He did a great job with the time he had," Sam says, "but often when other kids were doing things with their dads I was alone." And there was not much money.

If he gives up teaching Sam will find free-lancing a lonely business, too. During the struggle his wife will support them on her teacher's salary. Her name is Faith, as good a name as any for the wife of a writer.

Gary Valk

Sports Illustrated

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SHOPWALK

A picnic hamper stenciled F&M is the world's most delectable status symbol

In England, if you picnic in style at the Derby, at Ascot, at Henley or at Lord's Cricket Ground, you do it from a hamper marked F&M—for Fortnum & Mason. It was in 1707 that an Oxford farmer named William Fortnum and a Cockney trader, Hugh Mason, pooled their savings and opened a grocery store to cater to the royal palaces and other imposing West End residences. This was the forerunner of the emporium at 181 Piccadilly, which today epitomizes gracious living in England. Some 700 F&M employees, handpicked for their discretion, good looks and faultless command of grammar, serve customers with every type of lush merchandise, from umbrellas to antiques, champagne to perfume. An effort is made to give every customer the impression that he is the most important person in the store.

The male staff still looks as if its members were on loan from the diplomatic service; the three acres of floor space are thickly carpeted wall to wall; the silent elevators to five floors are furnished like miniature drawing rooms; the cash registers are discreetly muted, and prices are rarely mentioned.

Because titled personages and public figures are always in the store, use of cameras is prohibited. No whisper of the presence of VIP patrons reaches the press, and if Prince Philip should call to order a picnic for the polo field or Princess Anne to select fruitcake for her sharp sailing appetite, other customers are expected to courteously ignore their presence. Even the Queen could order groceries without being stared at.

The store provided sustaining delicacies for the great troop reviews of Elizabeth's great-grandmother's day and for the Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1851. During the colonial wars every ship leaving the port of London had its quota of Fortnum's metal-lined provision boxes to strengthen the resolve of fighting gentry. Florence Nightingale nourished the wounded of the Crimea with concentrated beef tea from the same treasure-house, and the young Winston Churchill took along a wagonload of edibles from Fortnum & Mason when reporting on the South African War in 1899.

Early in its career—during the 1820s—the firm offered its customers "concentrated luncheons or Savory Lozenges" in the form of pills to assuage their appetites during sporting expeditions, but the discerning public plainly preferred the elegance of a well-catered picnic to such capsuled convenience, and the pills were forgotten.

Stalwarts in training for varsity boat races swore by Fortnum's York ham, and hampers of potted shrimps, Surrey chicken, as-

continued

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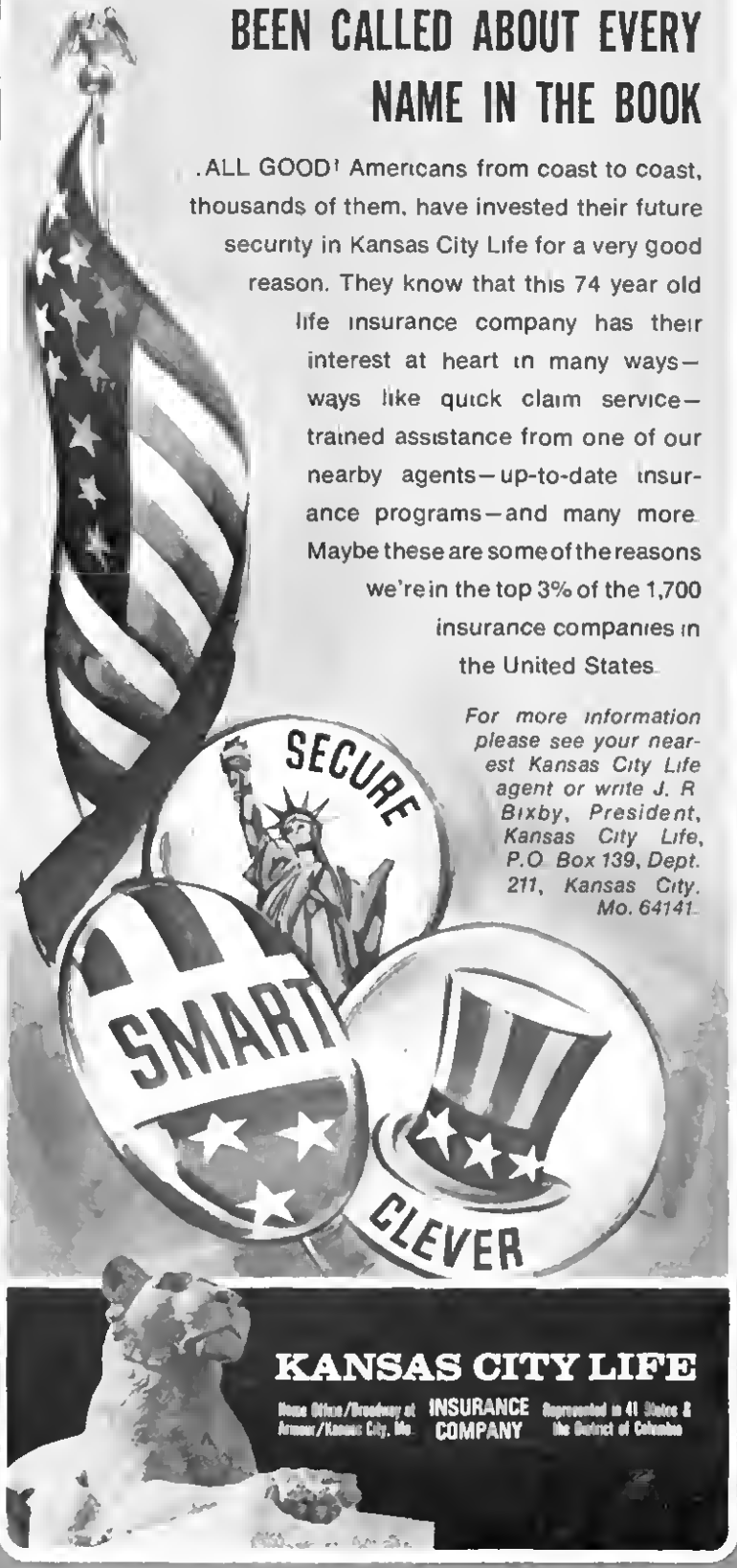

KANSAS CITY LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY

paragus and peaches in brandy accompanied aristocrats traveling the country in stagecoaches. Fashionable bicycling parties, all the rage in the 1880s, carried pheasant fillet and chocolate Bath Olivers in their saddlebags. Later the intrepid early motoring enthusiasts took emergency rations from Fortnum's when setting out on hazardous journeys that might last for days.

An earl from The Midlands asked Fortnum & Mason to provide a buffet supper to follow the archery contest that had been held on his estate each year since 1785. He phoned Regent 8040, and within three minutes the whole affair had been planned with a menu ranging from beluga caviar to turkeys' breasts in aspic to soufflé Mont Blanc.

On the morning of the shoot a fleet of vans sped out from London. Chefs, butlers, waiters, porters and service hands followed in a minibus. They were soon busily arranging a board that included mushrooms *vol-au-vent*, *quenelles d'écrevisses à la Nantua*, *poussin rôti*, suckling pig and Stilton cheese. Then the head butler brought in the *pièce de résistance*: a great silver salver heaped with tiny ricecakes, each topped with a picture in icing of the stately home on the estate on which the party was being held.

When the chief of a great Scottish clan wanted to impress a group of American guests, he naturally sought the help of F&M. They provided a meal that started with *pâté de foie gras en croûte*, went on to *truite renaissance*, *grouse rôti à l'anglaise*, *asperges de Lauris*, *cerises à l'enfer* and finished up with *anges à cheval*, shortbread and coffee. The bill was approximately $14,000.

Today a London hostess planning a picnic party for the Henley Royal Regatta can effortlessly order luncheon boxes for 100 guests. The smoked salmon will be freshly sliced, the duck carved into mouth-sized portions, the salad superb and the fruit set in wine-flavored jelly. Wines will be extra, but disposable cutlery, plates and a dainty initialed napkin will be included in the charge of $5.

Something more ambitious for Ascot, rugger at Twickenham, the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's or the World Cup? Your hamper could include stuffed quail, artichokes, tender fillets of beef, cream gâteau, all rounded off with brandy petits fours, but the price would be trebled to $15.

Delivery vans bearing the Fortnum & Mason legend are part of every sporting scene. Some customers prefer orders brought direct to their homes, but the catering department, which is obsessed with keeping every dish at peak freshness, suggests that your order be collected—by your chauffeur, of course—at the very last moment.

Fortnum & Mason patrons are not confined to Britain. A famous Hollywood seafood gourmet has a weekly order of Dover sole flown out to California; the Shah of Iran is said to have a weakness for F&M's lobster patties. There is a tradition among archaeologists that no expedition to Egypt is complete without a supply of Cooper's Oxford marmalade from the Piccadilly store.

Many an aristocratic British family owes its continuance to love matches helped along by Fortnum & Mason. Given a few hours' notice, the delicatessen department will prepare a splendid hamper that is practically guaranteed to induce a girl to say yes to any moonlight proposal. As a follow-up the wedding reception and honeymoon arrangements can confidently be left to Fortnum's organizers, and when catering for christenings they lay down a complimentary bottle of port that is presented to the baptismal child when he attains 21.

—JOAN HOBSON

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Conservation isn't all woods, waters and wildlife. It is just as vital in cities and suburbs, where people need open space, and will work to win it.

On Corcoran Street in Washington, D.C., Mrs. Emmanuel Levine (left) and her neighbors—some black and some white—found homes all around them being condemned. They solicited private capital, restored, renovated... and before long, the homes were uncondemned. Then they turned a rubbishy vacant lot into a pocket park with playground equipment and a 48-foot mural by Lloyd McNeil of Howard University.

The Conservation Commission of Glastonbury, Conn., headed by Mrs. Elizabeth Brown (center, left), proposed a park for a still vacant parcel of land, but the project bogged down in debate. Voters became confused and the idea just about died until the League of Women Voters and others joined Mrs. Brown's group. Money was raised, a mail campaign launched and each voter contacted. The park won by a squeak, but now, the town wouldn't give it up.

When urban sprawl threatened Champaign and Urbana, Illinois, Mrs. Susan Stone (center, right), her neighbors and fellow members of the Champaign County Development Council Foundation stumped for open park areas, fought for better development planning and even went to Washington. Their masterpiece—planting miles of young shade trees along a major street—was financed, in part, by selling buttons saying, "Love Trees".

Preserving our environment is everybody's job, including Sinclair's. One way we try to help is by publishing these stories to encourage initiative on the part of others. Another is through the careful use of the natural resources that are our stock in trade. Yet another is building service stations that compliment their environment, like this prize winner that matches its surroundings in Washington's Georgetown section.

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NO CONTEST

Through the first three weeks of the season, the National Hockey League's new teams took a terrific pasting from the old —a trend that can be expected to continue. At the end of last week's action the old clubs had won 19, lost five and tied two against the new. Worse, the East had outscored the West 103 goals to 56.

Last summer the NHL, urged on by some of the new clubs—Pittsburgh and Oakland, in particular—voted to increase from 24 to 36 the number of games between East and West teams. The feeling was that, even though the new clubs would be fortunate to win even one out of five from the old, their fans would still pay to see established stars like Gordie Howe, Bobby Hull and Jean Beliveau.

But now it appears that increasing the interlocking schedule was a mistake. As two of the brightest young minds in hockey—Scotty Bowman of St. Louis and Wren Blair of Minnesota—have argued, the new teams should concentrate upon building rivalries among themselves and selling the new division to new fans.

Instead of attempting to conceal the vast difference between the old teams and the new, the NHL is—for the sake of a quick buck—currently making a spectacle of it. Next June the owners can do something about it.

JOHNNY'S NOT HIMSELF

Johnny Unitas' fabled right arm is going from bad to worse. One day last week he tried to throw in practice and came away saying, "What you saw me do out there today was all I can give it." What the Colts' sidelined leader had done was throw three dozen passes, none of them longer than 25 yards and none of them with any velocity.

At this point no one seems to know what to do about the chronic elbow ailment. Asked if an operation would help, Unitas said, "I really don't know. I'll do whatever the club wants me to do. I don't know what is next." The club doctors, as is their policy, are mum, but a decision seems to be due soon. The man who may have been the best pro quarterback of all time is taking up a spot on the Colts' roster, and can't perform.

THE OLYMPIC OOOGE

Last week five young men in a Nice restaurant decided to settle the question of who should pay the tab by racing around the block. They asked the restaurant owner to act as a starter, "like in Mexico." The amused restaurateur went along with the gag, and he has not seen any of the young men since.

WALKING AWAY

Elmer L. Onstott, 69, of Ferguson, Mo., and Mr. and Mrs. Everett Skinner, 65 and 57, of Englewood, N.J., have finished hiking the more than 2,000 miles from Georgia's Springer Mountain to Maine's Mount Katahdin, the length of the Appalachian Trail.

The Skinners (he is a retired textile executive) started April 1 and reached the peak of Katahdin just under seven months later, on October 26. Onstott, a retired metal finisher, set out two weeks after they did and finished one day sooner. He lived on raisins, peanuts and ground sunflower and pumpkin seeds primarily, and on cheese, crackers and cookies when he could get them. He lost 32 pounds. The Skinners, believed to be the only married couple to make the trek (and Mrs. Skinner the second woman), lost 28 pounds each, on a more varied diet—bananas, oranges, ice cream and fresh meat. The Skinners generally slept under shelters of sorts (one night an isolated ladies' room) but often pitched a tent. Onstott spent many nights in the open.

The Skinners went ahead and climbed Katahdin in terrible weather (28°, some snow and sleet and gusts up to 40 knots) because they wanted to be sure to get back home in time to vote. They had left the trail briefly in New York to stop by Englewood and register. "One thing you find out," Skinner said, "You can't leave this civilized world. You still have responsibilities."

Onstott indicated a greater sense of detachment. When he made one of his several telephone calls to his wife along the way, she told him the United Automobile Workers, of which he had been a member for 43 years, had arranged for him to be in Washington during early October to meet President Johnson. He declined, saying he didn't want to leave the trail until he completed it. "I met only one sourpuss," he says of the hike. "I love my freedom, and I did this partly to get away from civilization."

MARCELLO, DON'T RUN

There is dissatisfaction in Italy because that nation's Olympic warriors won only three gold medals, and the *Corriere della Sera*, of Milan, blames it all on *Mamma Mia*. According to the *Corriere*, Italian mothers are a sissifying influence, walking their children to and from school

and not letting them engage in sports for fear they'll sweat.

"Our children," said the editorial, "are the most elegant and the most spoiled in all of Europe," and the reason for Italy's Olympic weakness resides in the words of a typical Italian mother. "Why should I send my child to practice in the swimming pool? He'll come out with wet hair and catch cold."

Two of Italy's sports stars agree with the paper's position, adding that Pappa and the schools seem to be in league with Mamma. Klaus Dibiasi, who won a gold medal in 10-meter platform div-

continued

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ing and a silver in springboard, says, "If a youngster does show a natural aptitude for a competitive sport, say swimming, the mother and father will follow him around to even the smallest competition to make sure he changes his bathing trunks, in case the damp clothing may give the boy a bad liver or something." Furthermore, "The educational authorities go along with the parents, who often prefer their son to spend his time dancing and going out with girls rather than in a toughening-up exercise."

And Middleweight Champ Nino Benvenuti points out that "in Italy no mother or father would ever hit their child because he doesn't want to do a sport. They would instead hit the child because he ruined a shoe or tore his shirt during some sport activity."

Maybe they are saving the bambinos for the movies.

STICKING TO HIS LAST

Many a major-leaguer lately has wandered far from his primary field—Maury Wills is on the banjo, Mickey Lolich is singing and Denny McLain is on the harpsichord, or whatever that instrument is that he plays—but not Don Drysdale.

Drysdale, too, picked up some Las Vegas money recently, but he did it by pitching. A new Vegas casino, Circus Circus, has two white fur-covered beds, on which recline two topless 6-foot girls who fall off and do the frug if someone hits a small circular target from 30 feet away. You get three baseballs for a quarter. Drysdale was flown in to throw out the first three. He missed.

IN THE SERVICE

Former Navy football great Roger Staubach, if you have been wondering, is still a Navy football great. So far this year he has completed 136 of 222 passes for 2,200 yards and 19 touchdowns, leading the Goshawks to a 7-1 season.

The Goshawks represent the U.S. Naval Air Station in Pensacola, Fla., which is the only military installation aside from the Marine base at Quantico, Va. that still plays a regular football schedule against small colleges. All the Goshawks put in full working days besides practicing 7½ hours a week. Staubach is a supply officer, assigned to Pensacola last year after a tour in Vietnam. Unless the war is intensified and his tour is extended, he will finally be available this June to the Dallas Cowboys, who draft-

continued

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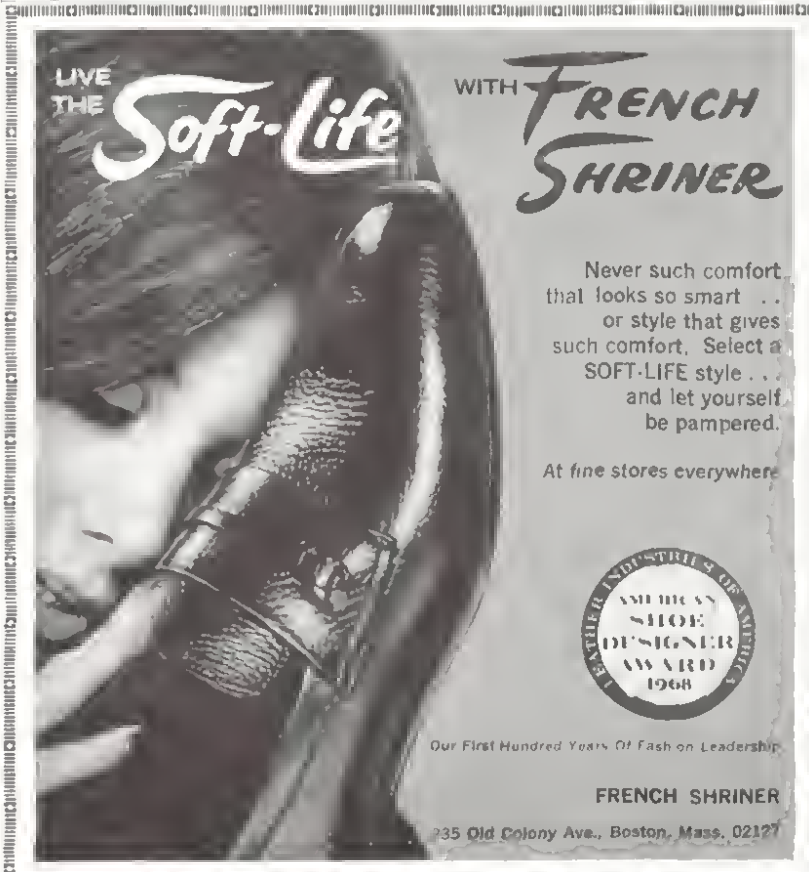

ed him after his Heisman Trophy year in 1963. At 26, Staubach says he is in good condition, but he regrets missing four years of reading pro defenses. In his senior year in high school, he recalled the other day, he received scholarship offers from 30 colleges, but not, at first, from the one of his choice—Notre Dame. Joe Kuharich, then the Irish coach, said his quarterback quota was full. Late in the summer Kuharich did offer him a scholarship, but by then Staubach had committed himself to the Navy. "If only Notre Dame had offered it to me sooner," he muses.

BANG!

Anybody who doesn't want to be arrested at a football game or other mass gathering had better watch what he carries with him. A girl was booked after a student demonstration in London recently for "Being in possession of an offensive weapon, *viz*: a tambourine."

WHO HITS WHOM

When National Hockey League President Clarence Campbell fined Los Angeles Kings General Manager Larry Regan $1,000 for slugging Referee Bruce Hood after a recent game in the Los Angeles Forum, insiders felt Regan got off easy. In 1961, they recalled, Montreal Coach Hector (Toe) Blake was fined $2,000 for taking a swing at a referee after a Stanley Cup playoff game.

It may be that Campbell was taking into account the punch's immediate cost to Regan—a broken hand. But the matter raises a question of principle: if hitting a referee costs a general manager $1,000 less than a coach, is an owner entitled to hit one for free?

TRIUMPH AND GALLSTONES

The crowds lined Kenyatta Avenue, Uhuru Highway and Haile Selassie Avenue, shouting their welcome, as Kenya's triumphant 61-man Olympic team was borne through Nairobi in three national youth service trucks wrapped in bunting. Medal winners, the medals dangling from their necks and their heads sporting enormous sombreros, were hoisted on shoulders. Beaming President Jomo Kenyatta, in a pinstriped suit, greeted the Olympians at the state house with "Karibuni," meaning "Come on in," and the team cried "Harambee"—the national rallying cry which means "Let's all pull together." The only unexultant

continued

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person in town, it seemed, was the mighty Kipchoge Keino. As the team received a standing ovation from members of the National Assembly, Keino, winner of a gold in the 1,500 meters and a silver in the 5,000, was outside in the garden suffering stomach pains. He was already planning a trip to Germany for surgery, having been told he probably has gallstones. Keino was taken to a hospital and emerged a few hours later feeling good enough to take part quietly in the several days of festivities. About all he said was, "I am glad I am one of those who have brought back medals to this great country of ours."

BRING YOUR OWN

Seldom do college basketball coaches directly impugn the objectivity of referees —but whenever two coaches meet to arrange a nonleague game, each always demands that he provide one of the officials. Coaches feel there are subtle differences between refereeing styles in various conferences, for one thing. And after all, an official may well have a subconscious loyalty to the school from his home region—and he knows that the coach from his part of the country will probably file a fitness report on him.

"We're living with a myth that all refs are the same," says Marquette's Al McGuire, who has been trying for four years to kill that notion and at the same time to dilute college basketball's most important psychological factor, the home-court advantage. McGuire's idea is to have the visiting team provide both officials; and Coach Maurice John of Drake has agreed to give the experiment a trial. This year when Marquette visits Drake both referees will come from McGuire's source, the Big Ten. Next season for the teams' game at Milwaukee, the officials will come from Drake's Missouri Valley Conference. It is unlikely to keep the referees from swaying in the winds of partisan roars, but it's worth a try. The question is, will "home cooking" travel.

THEY SAID IT

- Paul (Tank) Younger, Los Angeles Rams scout, on L.A.'s Henry Dyer. "Henry is the best fullback Grambling College has had since me."
- Hank Bauer, new manager of the Oakland Athletics and an ex-Marine: "One place I won't allow my players to drink is at the hotel where they are staying. That's where I do my drinking." **END**

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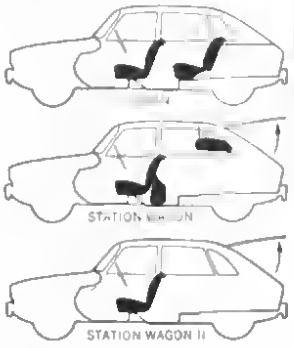

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Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 11, 1968

Tha East has an unpradictable young coach and his squad of opportunists, the Midwest has a surprising old master who has suddenly and grandly risen from consarvatism, and college football has two undefeated teams that are .

SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT

by WILLIAM JOHNSON

More than once he has been accused of being an anachronism—a latter-day Neanderthal charging into battle swinging the jawbone of an ass against opponents equipped with Sidewinder missiles. In recent years, when his fortunes as a football coach ebbed, some consigned him to a dinosaurs' boneyard, a man outdistanced in his own time. But Wayne Woodrow Hayes of Ohio State University refused to be declared extinct. He thrust out his brawny paunch, squared his incredible shoulders and spoke words written by his own personal seer and philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson. "No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature."

Last Saturday the contemporary justification—to say nothing of the late-model reincarnation—of Woody Hayes was on display for all to see. Before a record crowd of 84,859 at Ohio State's dreary old hulk of a stadium in Columbus, his Buckeyes cut up and then beat down Michigan State, a team that only a week earlier had defeated high-ranked Notre Dame. The 25-20 victory proved that OSU's stunning mid-October upset of Purdue was no fluke and heralded the return of Hayes and his teams to fame and fortune. It was the Buckeyes' sixth straight win this season and it solidified their hold on the No. 2 spot in the national rankings (No. 1½ might be more like it, considering the constant tribulations of top-ranked USC). Moreover, the Buckeyes are favored to win the Big Ten title, a Rose Bowl trip and perhaps a chance to beat USC themselves—though all that will not be decided for certain until a climactic clash on Nov. 23 with that other upstart in the Big Ten, Michigan.

The success of Woody Hayes' 1968 Buckeyes has generated excitement even within the booster club complacency of Columbus where, despite legends to the contrary, wild-eyed football fever long ago took a backseat to more cosmopolitan undertakings. Beyond the current victory string itself, the very style of Ohio State football this year is a stimulating sight—especially for eyes made sore in years past by the dust clouds raised as Hayes-built juggernauts slogged to dozens of victories with numbing repetitions of the fullback plunge.

Suddenly in 1968 Hayes has found speed to burn and the forward pass besides. His team has 16 sophomores who play consistently, and there is flair, flamboyance and a happy-go-lucky outlook that might have been put down as treason on Ohio State teams of yore. But Hayes is a wise and flexible man; he knows how to flex with a good thing when he sees it, and this fall on his Columbus practice fields he has seen it every day.

Saturday, Michigan State saw it, too. OSU's first-string sophomore quarterback, Rex Kern, opened the game—from his own 17, no less—with three quick passes. Then, after setting up an 18-yard run of his own with some polished fakery, he threw another pass for 39 yards and finally sent Fullback Jim Otis in for the first Buckeye score with only 1:43 gone in the quarter.

There was still scarcely a speck of OSU dust in the air late in the first quarter when sophomore Safetyman Mike Sensibaugh recovered a Spartan fumble. Kern immediately threw twice for long yardage and then lofted a 14-yard pass to sophomore End Bruce Jankowski in the end zone (*see cover*). With a mere minute gone in the second quarter the score was 13-0, Kern had completed 10 of 13 passes for 148 yards, and—in another break with Hayes tradition—had called nearly all of the plays himself. But the touchdown pass was Kern's last play of the day; he was taken out with a severely sprained ankle and spent the afternoon slouched sadly on the bench with a bag of ice taped to his foot.

This might have mattered a lot, but not to the modern model of the Buckeyes. Besides speed, youth and style,

continued

Giving voice to their emotions are Ohio State cheerleader and Homecoming Queen Suzi Yung, and coach and protest leader Hayes

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Hayes has accumulated around him a shocking number of attentive wunderkinder. When Kern went out, in came another child quarterback, sophomore Ron Maciejowski. He displayed neither the grace nor aplomb of Kern, but he was more than adequate as he took OSU for an easy touchdown and a 19-7 lead as the half ended. From then on it was a matter of Michigan State almost catching up—only not quite. When the score eventually narrowed to 25–20 at the end of three quarters the OSU defense stepped into the act and all over the chest of Spartan Quarterback Bill Triplett. Again and again Triplett was pressed into fumbles and bad handoffs, primarily by OSU's Mike Radtke and Dave Whitfield, who made a specialty of falling on the ball once it was loose. Three times in the fourth quarter the Spartans lost the ball on fumbles, and OSU, though it never scored again, secured its victory ably enough. The clock ran out with the Buckeyes punching at the center of the Michigan State line on play after play—bringing to mind old times under Hayes.

OSU's Radtke grabs Spartan Quarterback Triplett, causing one of four MSU fumbles.

But this is obviously a shiny new era in Ohio—a time of resurrection. Oh, Hayes is not exactly playing the phoenix, rising with a smile from his own ashes of disaster. Things have never been that bad for him. Seventeen full seasons have passed since he was first hired at Ohio State, then infamous as America's leading cemetery for football coaches: OSU had had four in the 10 years preceding Woody's arrival. Despite the funereal prospects, he prospered, compiling a fine 107-41-7 record that included four Big Ten championships and two Rose Bowl wins. He has had some dismal years. There was a 3-5-1 in 1959 and 4-5 in 1966 when a small plane was seen flying over the OSU stadium carrying a sign that read: GOODBYE WOODY. He has easily survived such disloyalties, but he has not been really in the limelight since 1961 when his team went undefeated on the football field, only to fall crushed and beaten beneath a faculty committee that voted to ban Ohio State participation in that season's Rose Bowl.

Then renowned for his rages, culminating in such acts of personal damage as shoving his head through a wooden locker door or pounding his skull with his fists hard enough to make knots rise, Hayes took years to cool his fury over that episode. Indeed, even today he blames the relatively lean records of his teams in the mid-'60s in part on that faculty vote. "All our rival recruiters had to say to a boy was, 'Son, if you go to Ohio State, you probably won't ever see the Rose Bowl,' and the boy would go off to another school."

Around Columbus there are people who claim Hayes has mellowed, that he has so softened his approach to life he is wearing a Thermal undershirt beneath the short-sleeved T shirt that he favors for practice, even on sub-freezing days. ("Being cold, like being determined to win, is just a state of mind," he has always told his teams.) Of course, Woody Hayes is no mean psychologist, and he has even been accused of pre-planning some of his wilder tantrums for maximum impact on his team. For example, he wears a baseball cap to practice every day and, periodically through a season, he will seemingly go berserk with anger over some error. He will bellow, snatch the cap off his head, twist it in his huge meaty hands and then fling it on the ground—tattered, shredded, destroyed. But occasionally, those wise to his ways contend, he has used a razor blade to slice some threads in the cap before practice so that it tears apart more dramatically, and easily. There was a time, too, when Woody punctuated his practice-field rages by ripping a watch from his wrist and jumping on it while springs flew all over the ground. On such days, it is said, he tended to wear cheap, dime-store watches. But the man was impressive, regardless.

Those who think that this phase of Woody Hayes has passed, that he is turning sophomore quarterbacks loose while pastorally sniffing life's flowers, just don't know their man. They might understandably be deceived by his always turning to the bracing words of Emerson, reaching for his dog-eared paperback of the *Essays* so that he can read aloud from dozens of passages he has underlined. " 'Blame is safer than praise,' " he recently quoth. "And that's what I tell the boys all the time—that this *niceness* from people complimenting you can be what kills you. It can be deceiving. Yes, sir, Emerson was hitting the ball square when he said, 'As soon as honeyed words of praise are spoken for me I feel as one who lies unprotected before his enemies.' "

And so it was not too surprising when Hayes recently became infuriated and wasted no honeyed words over what he considered lax officiating. All season, he said, people have been beating up his quarterback. He told the press that too much piling on was permitted in Big Ten games, and he promised to complain officially to the league office. He never did file any complaint in writing, and Big Ten Commissioner Bill Reed, irked at Woody's public tirade, snapped to reporters last week: "We haven't heard much from Woody lately because his teams haven't been so good. Now he's unbeaten and talking again. He reminds me of what Winston Churchill said about General Montgomery—indomitable in defeat, insufferable in victory."

"Listen," said Hayes himself last week. "I'm not mellow. I'm the same guy I've always been and I'll tell you this, the minute I think I'm getting *mellow*, then I'm retiring. Who ever heard of a mellow winner!?"

That's Woody. Indomitable, insufferable, unmellow, thoroughly delightful—and back on top again.

THE IDEA IS TO HAVE SOME FUN—AND WHO NEEDS TO BE No. 1

by DAN JENKINS

A Beethoven symphony swirls through the mind of a defensive tackle. A linebacker earnestly dashes to physics class on the morning of a game. Test tubes intrigue a cornerback, math fascinates a center, engineering problems make a safety swoon. And while the youthful keeper of all these characters, 41-year-old Penn State Coach Joe Paterno, should be fretting about his team's possible climb toward No. 1 or an Orange Bowl bid, he stares at the boutique-colored leaves of the pastoral Alleghenies, thinks about romantic poets and longs to drive his kids over to Waddle or Martha Furnace or Tusseyville so they can sit down and talk to a cow. Is this the atmosphere that has produced the best college football team the East has seen in years? You can bust everybody in Potters Mills if it isn't.

Penn State has become an unusual place in a lot of ways. It has more or less evolved into a big Ivy League type of campus on one end and a small Big Ten type on the other, with only a touch of SDS in the middle. It is a splendidly hidden center of learning isolated away in the heart of Pennsylvania. Football followers have long thought of it as an obscure athletic factory that sent Lenny Moores, Rosey Griers, Dave Robinsons and Milt Plums by pack train, raft and jalopy to more vital points of interest, but that viewpoint now must be changed, especially since Paterno took over in 1966. What happens is, you take a guy out of Brooklyn, put him through an Ivy League school—Brown, at that—and you'll get yourself a different kind of football coach. He will look like a New York detective and talk like a social worker. More than that, he will like the idea of having players on his team who can read, he will insist that they call him by his first name instead of Mister, Sir, Coach or Your Holiness, and he will mix them up into just about the most unpredictable group since the Harper Valley PTA.

Joe Paterno, as is well remembered,

continued

Penn State's Campbell, a freewheeling halfback, cuts around and for gain against Army.

82

82

is the coach who ordered his team to go for a first down on fourth-and-one in the Gator Bowl at his own 15-yard line last year when he held a 17–0 lead over Florida State. Penn State failed, and Florida State got 17 sudden points to earn a tie, the only blemish on Penn State's record in its last 14 games. But no one put Paterno's soul in a pickle jar because of it. "We had fun, what the heck," said Paterno. On the plane coming home a player approached Paterno and said, "Joe, the guys wanted me to tell you something. You blew it."

Last Saturday Penn State stayed in character, almost blowing it all against a tough Army team because it did not put the game out of reach when it had some excellent chances to do so and managing to take advantage of about every break known to civilized coaches to win 28–24 and remain undefeated at 6-0. This is the best record of any major Eastern team this deep into a season since Syracuse won the national championship in 1959 and, for all of its Donald Duck escapades, State is surely the best Eastern team since Roger Staubach was in his Heisman season at Navy in 1963.

Nonetheless, Paterno's students could have polished off Army early. The reason they didn't was—ah, well—Joe Paterno. With a 9–0 lead and fourth-and-one on the Army 19, Paterno ordered a deep pass—which failed—instead of trying to ram out a first down. Penn State has a fine ground game featuring a couple of quick, tricky, tough runners named Charlie Pittman and Bob Campbell. They probably could make one yard against the Empire State Building. A little later, on fourth-and-two at the Army 16, Paterno called for a seminaked sweep—which failed—instead of the hammer stuff inside the tackles where the blockers are; or instead of using Campbell on just anything since anything Campbell tried had worked beautifully.

But no matter. As the day wore on, Penn State got those touchdowns back, and in their normally startling ways.

Example: it is 16–10, Penn State, well into the fourth quarter. The Nittany Lions miss a long field goal, but the ball bobbles around short of the end zone, hits an Army player's foot and Penn State recovers on the two. Touchdown.

Example: It is 22–17, Penn State, three minutes to play and Army, which has just scored and is still fighting, tries an onside kick. The ball comes squirting out of a pileup, whereupon All-America End Ted Kwalick picks it up and runs 53 yards unmolested. Touchdown.

One must now rationalize that these things are going to happen for a team like Penn State and for a coach like Paterno. Why not? All he asks of his recruits is that they enjoy the experience of college life while playing the game.

"We're trying to win football games, don't misunderstand that," said Paterno last week. "But I don't want it to ruin our lives if we lose. I don't want us ever to become the kind of place where an 8-2 season is a tragedy. Look at that day outside. It's clear, it's beautiful, the leaves are turning, the land is pretty and it's quiet. If losing a game made me miserable, I couldn't enjoy such a day.

"I tell the kids who come here to play, *enjoy* yourselves. There's so much besides football. Art, history, literature, politics. The players live all over the campus. I don't want 'em to have a carpeted athletic dorm, or be bunched in together where they can't associate with all types of students. When a kid takes a look around here and says, 'Gee, there's nothing to do,' I tell him I suppose there was nothing for the Romantic poets to do in the lake region of England. As far as getting an effort on the field is concerned, we stress the fact that this is the only time in a kid's life when 50,000 people are gonna cheer him. He can write the greatest novel ever, but 50,000 people aren't going to cheer him at once where he can hear it."

So Penn State players give their best for Paterno and listen for the cheers, and they really don't worry about No. 1.

"You know what happens when you're No. 1?" says Paterno. "Nobody is happy until you're No. 1 *again*, and that might be never."

But being No. 1, or undefeated, might make Joe Paterno the Coach of the Year. How about that?

"You know what that would mean?" Paterno says. "It would mean I could go to some clinics and make a little money. It would mean I'd have a $14,000 mortgage instead of an $18,000 mortgage. Big deal."

Joe Paterno swears he is happier relishing the truer satisfactions of coaching; knowing, for example, that he has a 6′ 3″, 240-pound tackle from Altoona named Mike Reid who plays the church organ and the piano when he isn't crushing runners like few other interior linemen can. Or he is happier knowing he has a fanatical linebacker named Denny Onkotz from Northampton, Pa. who once jumped out of bed early on the day of a game to take a physics exam. "Let me call the prof and get you off," Paterno had told him. "I want to go," said Onkotz. "I wouldn't sleep anyhow."

Paterno does not hesitate to admit that he has a few team members who think physics is a gym class and Beethoven is a town on the Susquehanna. Kwalick, a 6′ 4″, 230-pound tight end, is no dummy, but Paterno believes that "what God had in mind there was a football player." Kwalick is a phys. ed. major, like Bob Campbell, the halfback who ran for 104 yards and two touchdowns against Army. They will be first-rate pros, and football is their major interest. But overall, Paterno's squad has carried a higher academic mark for 16 straight semesters than the average of the rest of the male student body.

"That is important to me," the coach says. "But just as important is my own association with the kids. You can't con 'em. They're not hypocrites. They're sophisticated. They want to take you on, head to head, intellectually. Why, when I played football you never saw a book. But when our teams these days get on a plane, out come the books. I know that isn't the public's idea of college football, but that's the way it is. Everything is changing, and the kids want to change this world. The thing I most hate to see is an unhappy kid today. That's partly because I always had it good. Things have been easy for me, and I guess I expect good things to happen."

So, apparently, does the Penn State football team. And so far good things have happened. Wouldn't it be something if the best team in the U.S. just happened to turn out to be the most hidden, the most intellectual, the most relaxed—and the one with the coach who was least predictable? But no matter how it turns out, Joe Paterno isn't blowing this game at all. **END**

In strangest play of game, Army tries onside kick. Ball is loose in pile of players as Penn State's Kwalick (82) watches (upper left). Referee leaps in to see who has it, but ball has popped to Kwalick, who slips away and steals down sideline for winning score.

A DEBT WAS PAID OFF IN TEARS

For sea-level distance men, writes the first four-minute miler, who is now a doctor, the cost of running in the altitude of Mexico was almost criminally high—a fact that future Olympic planners should note **by ROGER BANNISTER**

In the days since the Mexico City Olympics ended, a concerted effort has been made to minimize the disabilities suffered by competitors in distance events. For reasons of both historical accuracy and future safety, the actual record must be preserved—and correctly interpreted. It shows that for distance people the games were more of a fiasco than a fiesta. Ron Clarke, the best distance runner in the world, and one of the bravest too, said after his collapse at the end of the 10,000 meters: "This isn't the Olympics—it's a triangular match between Kenya, Ethiopia and Mexico."

In more than 20 years of watching athletics I've only once seen a more harrowing sight than Clarke's collapse. That was Jim Peters' agony in the marathon at Vancouver in 1954. In Mexico, Australia's Clarke battled for more than six miles, not against his fellow competitors but against altitude. That he and many others should have been put in this ridiculous position leaves me frothing with anger. For an important minority, the Games became an embittering and painful experience. I can speak for this minority because, but for an accident of age, I might have run under these conditions myself.

Many athletes collapsed, not just runners but also oarsmen and modern pentathlon competitors. A Swiss oarsman was still convalescing from his ordeal a week after returning to his homeland. Yet the Mexican medical official to the Games issued a statement saying that altitude had presented no problems to the athletes and that there had been fewer casualties than in any previous Olympics. There were in fact 80 collapses in the first two days of the rowing, which prompted one team official to complain, "How can we hold the victory ceremony when our athletes are horizontal?"

Looking back, it is easy to see how it all happened and how it could have been prevented. The Mexicans have several charming characteristics which, as their guest, I could appreciate. But occasionally they fail to tell the whole truth because, sometimes rather delightfully, they think the truth may hurt a little. The truth about Mexico's altitude hurts a lot. It hurt Clarke and 20 more runners in the first few days of the Games—and then I lost count of the number of collapses.

Doubtless the International Olympic Committee halfheartedly queried the Mexicans on the suitability of the site, but they should have known that Mexican pride made all discussions of risk impossible. Dissenting voices were suppressed by a misplaced sense of chivalry. The real fault lay with the IOC and not with the Mexicans. Prompt resignations from the IOC at an early stage could have reversed the decision.

My feelings at the time Mexico was chosen, based on two years of my own researches into the effects of lack of oxygen on running, were so strong that I made several protests through official channels on scientific grounds. These were not heeded. I then wrote to the London *Times*, whose letter column is the last resort of the indignant Englishman—or someone who hears the first cuckoo in spring or who has a new solution for world peace. My letter appeared in time to be read by the IOC members at breakfast before the Rome meeting that could have changed the site of the Games. Later the Marquis of Exeter replied in the *Times* using the Brundage argument that "The Olympics belong to the whole world." He also suggested that because altitude runners have a slight advantage at sea level, distance men would compete on more even terms in Mexico. On the contrary, as we saw two weeks ago, their disadvantage was increased.

The effects of altitude on distance runners are quite simple, though the theories of how an athlete should acclimatize are very complicated. Altitude can never be "beaten," despite the pre-Olympics claims of IOC members. Energy for running comes from the breakdown of glycogen, the form in which sugar is stored in muscles. Glycogen can be broken down in two ways. The first is inefficient but immediate and, without using any oxygen, produces lactic acid in the blood—the so-called oxygen debt mechanism. The debt is paid off later.

Sprinters use this mechanism exclusively. The mechanism also accounts for some 80% of the energy required in running 800 meters. It is naturally unaffected by altitude. Thus all shorter distances benefit from the reduced air resistance and may be run faster.

The second way of providing energy is to break down glycogen using oxygen breathed from the air, and in Mexico City this is about 8% less than at sea level. The longer the distance race the more exclusively this mechanism is used, with the result that all athletes in events of over 800 meters run slower than they would at sea level. With insufficient oxygen in the course of distance races, athletes may be forced to use the debt mechanism, and at altitude this may lead to collapse. The body can be driven by the athlete's mind to a point where even the arterial blood contains less oxygen than is normal. Then the brain may falter, the heartbeat become irregular and circulatory collapse occur.

Clarke's collapse at the end of the 10,000 meters had all the features of circulatory failure and lack of oxygen to the brain. He was ashen and did not recover normal consciousness until he had been given oxygen to breathe for 10 minutes. Maurice Herriott, who won a silver medal in the steeplechase at the Tokyo Olympics, did not recover normal consciousness until two hours after his race in Mexico. Then he said, "All I can remember of the last four laps is vaguely seeing some black spots on the hurdles." The next day he was still very weak and needed help in walking. He had waited four years since Tokyo for this mockery of a second chance.

Clarke's collapse seemed to brush fatality, and the team doctor, Brian Corrigan, was in tears.

By contrast, the steeplechase winner was a tall, rather ungainly Kenyan, Amos Biwott, who ran his first steeplechase race a year ago and still leaps the hurdles like a farmer jumping a gate. I am really in favor of Kenya winning as many medals as she can, and Biwott will in time become a great steeplechaser. I simply want to make it clear that a novice won an Olympic title because of the chance of his birthplace. I think this is utterly wrong.

As the Games unfolded it became apparent to me that if Jim Ryun, holder of the superb world's record for the metric mile of 3:33.1, came close to Kipchoge Keino of Kenya I could salvage some sense of justice for the sea-level distance runners. I thought he would win, but Ryun told me a few days before the race that he had learned from running at altitude that a fast first-quarter mile would build up too much oxygen debt. It could not be cleared during the race and would prevent him from finishing the race in a respectable time. As soon as Ben Jipcho, Keino's teammate, set a 56-second first quarter for Keino, I realized, and so I suspect did Ryun, that the situation was near hopeless. Ryun might have tried to keep up with Keino, but he chose the reasonable alternative of running 30 yards behind at a pace he knew he could sustain. Who could blame him? I can recall only too vividly the agony, under fairer circumstances, of just catching John Landy in the third lap at Vancouver when I had lost contact by allowing him to gain almost half this distance. Allowing four seconds for the effect of altitude, Ryun ran a time not far short of his own world record. But all praise to Keino, who must now be rated the finest 1,500-meter man in the world, because his Olympic record is worth close to 3:30 at sea level. Let us hope that Ryun and Keino will meet soon under fairer conditions. The race could be the epic of the next athletic decade.

Can any sea-level athlete acclimatize completely to altitude? I doubt it. While sea-level runners were collapsing at the finish line, the Kenyans and Ethiopians ran up the ramp that leads out of the stadium with an almost contemptuous ease. Medical evidence supports the theory that they can suck more oxygen into the muscles from the blood than sea-level born athletes.

We now face the immediate situation in which altitude has opened a nightmare box of problems. How amateur can the distance runner of the future be if he must find some way of living most of the year at altitude? Perhaps he needs a special identity card registering him as a runner at a certain level.

In many ways, the Mexico City Olympic Games were very successful, and it would be churlish of me not to say so. I am a fervent supporter of the brilliant idea of the Olympic Games. The fact that my predictions for the altitude distance events came true, sometimes too grimly true, gives me no satisfaction, unless out of all this there emerges better planning in the future. Of course I know no competition can be absolutely fair. Some athletes are rich in opportunities and natural gifts, some are poor, but the IOC, with a whole world to choose from, could easily have selected a fairer place than Mexico City. Never again should it be allowed to do as it pleases, regardless of consequences. **END**

OAKLAND RAIDS THE FULL HOUSE

Baffled by an unusual Kansas City formation the first time they met, the Raiders had no problems in the rematch. They crushed the Chiefs to throw the Western Division of the AFL into a virtual three-way tie

by EDWIN SHRAKE

As the scoreboard in Oakland's Coliseum kept changing like an illuminated ticker on the wall of a broker's office, the San Diego Chargers, some 650 miles to the south, could not help but pause from their sport now and then to gaze at the relayed numbers and ponder their meaning. At the time, last Sunday afternoon, San Diego was involved in beating the Miami Dolphins, an achievement that hardly qualifies the Chargers for the *Guinness Book of Records*. The significant game, the Chargers knew, was the one going on under the oyster sky up in the Bay Area, the one that put numbers beside the names of the Oakland Raiders (38) and the Kansas City Chiefs (21). What those numbers meant was that the Western Division of the American Football League had become so scrambled that it will be surprising if a late December playoff is not required to unscramble it.

With six weeks remaining in the season, Kansas City leads the Western Division with a 7-2 record. Oakland and San Diego, each 6-2, are tied for second, one-half game behind. From here in, the schedule is kindest to Kansas City—primarily because the Chiefs have a bye to use for healing their lame and weary—and cruelest to San Diego, which must play New York, Kansas City and Oakland in three of the four final weeks.

One of the Chargers who was watching the Oakland-Kansas City score with concern was Tackle Ron Mix. The week before, San Diego had been matched against Kansas City and lost 27-20.

"I'll tell you how that game affected me," Mix said. "I didn't get rid of my headache until Friday. There comes a time when the body rebels. I'm sure that happened to a number of Kansas City bodies. That's the reason I was expecting Oakland to win."

In a period of three weeks the Chiefs met Oakland, San Diego and Oakland again. For the first Oakland game the Chiefs were disrupted by injuries to the extent that their coach, Hank Stram, took his club behind locked gates and produced an offense that was so old it looked new. With their outside receivers hurt, the Chiefs trotted out a T formation that they call a Full House, used two tight ends for blocking, threw only three passes (an AFL record) and rushed for 294 yards. The Raiders, gaping at this formation their fathers had told them about, were beaten 24-10.

The following week the Chiefs, some-

When Daryle Lamonica wasn't lofting passes over the hapless Kansas City defense, runners like Hewritt Dixon (35) were bulldozing through it.

what healthier, returned to a more conventional offense and defeated their other major rival, San Diego. Last week facing Oakland again, Kansas City was in its top physical condition of the season. Naturally, Oakland Coach John Rauch was puzzled over which style of offense to expect from the Chiefs. "I know the Raiders were surprised to see our Full House," Stram said as he was working up his game plan for the second meeting. "They probably thought we would go to two tight ends with a single flanker. I'm sure they never dreamed we would do what we did. I don't blame them. I never would have dreamed it, either. But with our physical situation the way it was, we had to find some way to express ourselves. For this game they'll have to be prepared for us to use either style."

Stram intended to mix the styles, offering a glimpse of the Full House, a look at the various pro formations—of which Kansas City employs more than any other team in the league—and even a peek at what Stram calls the Cock I, where Quarterback Len Dawson, Fullback Robert Holmes and Running Back Mike Garrett line up one behind the other and the split end stations himself beside Garrett as another running back.

The Chiefs had won six games in a row when they flew to Oakland. "We're winning on good defense and great kicking," Stram said. "The injuries have been very serious, but I think we've got through the critical stage. Our people are starting to come back."

For whatever interest it may be to anyone looking ahead to the Super Bowl, Stram believes the Chiefs, this year, are a far better team than the one Kansas City sent to the first Super Bowl against Green Bay after the 1966 season. "There's really no comparison," Stram said. "We were not nearly as solid in 1966 as we are now."

John Rauch, whose Raiders last season carried a 13-1 record into the Super Bowl, has had problems of his own. Linebackers Bill Lasky and Duane Benson and Cornerback Kent McCloughan were out of the Kansas City game with ailments. Fullback Hewritt Dixon—the league's leading rusher—has a sore knee and Split End Warren Wells has a badly bruised leg. The Raiders have definitely missed Defensive Tackle Tom Keating, who has a torn hamstring. And then there is the case of Quarterback Daryle Lamonica, who was the AFL's Most Valuable Player in 1967 but went into the Kansas City game with a completion percentage of only 44.4%—though he was second in touchdowns (14), third in yardage (1,440) and second in lowest percentage interceptions.

Rauch professed not to be worried about Lamonica. He may have been a victim of too much success throwing deep to Wells in exhibition games. The Raiders don't believe in throwing many short patterns—flares and hitches—that boost passing averages; instead, they like to hit in the intermediate range, about 14 yards downfield. In a departure from the behavior of most pro teams, Oakland's offense will often go for the long pass against a blitz—with automatic rules for blocking against the various blitzes and with a complex system of audible plays Lamonica can call at the line if he senses a blitz coming. Lately Lamonica has quit aiming so frequently for easy touchdowns and has gone back to calling a game that utilizes more of Oakland's multiple talents.

Against the Chiefs, it was immediately evident that Lamonica had indeed returned to form and that his counterpart, Dawson, was in for an excruciating afternoon. In the first period Dawson threw a high, rather aimless pass that was intercepted. Lamonica, standing in strongly against the rush, hit Wells with a 29-yard touchdown pass. The Chiefs tied the score on a 29-yard pass from Dawson to Gloster Richardson, but the Raiders, with Lamonica throwing beautifully and connecting on third-down situations, began to pull away. One pass to Fred Biletnikoff covered 82 yards, though it led only to a field goal. By the half the Raiders had built a 31-7 lead and the Chiefs had to abandon any plans to confuse Oakland with a Full House.

Lamonica threw a touchdown pass to Billy Cannon early in the third quarter to make it 38-7. With 6:49 still to play in that period, Jim Lynch of Kansas City blitzed and tackled Lamonica low and hard. The Oakland quarterback rolled over and clutched his left knee. He had already passed for 352 yards and two touchdowns. Now he had to be supported as he left the field and George Blanda came on in relief. The Chiefs made the score more respectable with a 92-yard touchdown pass from Dawson to Richardson and a 61-yard pass from Jacky Lee to Frank Pitts, but the Raiders were clearly in control of the game.

Afterward, however, a bit of mystery was introduced. While Rauch was saying, "Without a doubt this is one of the finest games the Raiders ever played," a pair of crutches was smuggled in and Lamonica, who had been wearing an ice pack on his knee, disappeared. "We sneaked him out the back door," grinned Oakland General Manager Al Davis. Why did you do that, Al? "Aw, everybody would want to ask him about his knee," Davis said. By the way, what's wrong with his knee? "I'm no doctor," said Davis. The early diagnosis was that Lamonica's knee is badly bruised, which could be costly.

This week the Raiders play Denver and should be able to win without Lamonica, but they may need him the week after against the Jets. Meanwhile both Kansas City and San Diego have a couple of easy games coming up, so the Western Division standings figure to remain the same for a while longer, with room at the top in the end for the team that can put the largest number of healthy players on the field most often. **END**

Lamonica's injury was Oakland's only regret

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CURT GUNTHER

Moving toward the bright lights of TV, gold medal figure skater Peggy Fleming is prettier than ever with a professional hairdo and makeup

Sweet Life of an Olympic Doll

She was always pretty, fragile and charming, a Dresden figurine performing tough school figures as though they were the easiest thing in the world. But the new Peggy Fleming, as these pictures show, is acquiring glamour—superstar, Hollywood-style glamour. After she won America's only gold medal at Grenoble, NBC signed her to a long-term contract for a reported $500,000. On November 24 the network will throw out "Bonanza" for an evening and launch its shining new star with an hour-long TV special. The ice spectaculars of the '30s that made Sonja Henie the Kewpie doll of the American public are ready for a new look in the '60s—with a brand-new doll on ice.

In rehearsal Gene Kelly, on hockey skates, sings "Peg o' My Heart."

Peggy is driven to the set at 5 a.m. in chauffeured limousine.

The heroine has a hero: fellow medalist Jean-Claude Killy

In pursuit of stardom, Peggy, in sneakers and tights, attends modern-dance classes twice a week. As usual, she is at the top of her class

An esteemed author and critic, transplanted here from England at an impressionable age, reflects on the resultant upheaval and confesses that baseball, not literature, nearly claimed him

MY PASSPORT WAS AT SHORTSTOP

by WILFRID SHEED

They took away my cricket bat at the age of 9 and told me I wouldn't be needing it anymore. Out of kindness they didn't tell me I wouldn't need my soccer ball, either. Otherwise, I don't think I would have come to America at all. I would have lied about my age and joined the horse marines.

Exile is an ugly business at any age. Harold Pinter, the playwright, carted his bat with him all over England to remind him of the past (he must have been 8 when he started out). I was forced to hand over mine at the frontier, and with it the long summer evenings, the boys with the dangling suspenders, the whole Fanny-by-gaslight world of cricket, my life for the next few years would be a hunt for fresh symbols, a bat and ball I could believe in.

Baseball dismayed me at first blush almost as much as the big cars and the big faces in the street. In the dictionary of the senses *cricket* stood for twilight, silence, flutter. (See also *Swans.*) *Baseball* equaled noonday, harsh, noise, clatter. (See *Geese.*) That was how it looked at first—boys milling around dusty lots jabbering and hitching at their pants. But as I kept craning from train windows and car windows in my first days in America, I noticed something promising that nothing ever seemed to be happening at that particular moment—the same basic principle as cricket. The pitcher peering in to get the sign, the ritual chant of the infield, the whispered consultations and then, if you were very lucky, a foul tip (before you were whisked out of range). Baseball was not as busy as it seemed but lived, like the mother game, on pregnant pauses. This, plus the fact that it happened to be in season and you played it with a bat and ball, made it look like my best bet.

Unfortunately, the place where we first lived was an almost deserted village, so there was no one to play with. There was one boy about a mile down the road. He straightened out my batting stance and filled me in on the First World War, too, but he was five years older than I, with his own life to live, so I couldn't bother him too often.

Instead, I became perhaps the outstanding solitary baseball player of my generation, whaling fungoes down the long, narrow garden and plodding after them, chattering to myself and whaling them back again. Anything pulled or sliced got lost, so my first encounter with American botany was staring sightlessly through it, hunting the tawny baseball. When that palled, I would chalk a strike zone on the garage door and lob a tennis ball at it. Already I had the style, though God knows where it came from: the mock aggression and inscrutable loneliness. Gary Cooper high on a hill, twitching his cap, shaking off the sign, nodding, rearing, firing. Clunk, against the old garage door. The manner came with my first glove.

Another thing that stoked my love affair was the statistics. I like a game that has plenty of statistics, the more inconsequential the better, and I began soaking up baseball records like a sea sponge before I even knew what they meant. I liked the way you could read *around* baseball, without ever getting to the game at all. I devoured a long piece in the old *Saturday Evening Post* about Hank Greenberg, baseball's most eligible bachelor, and another about young Ted Williams, who only shaved twice a week. Official baseball sneaked up on me through its trivia. My learned friend up the road took me, at last, to an actual game at Shibe Park, and I was hooked for fair. It was the St. Louis Browns vs. the Philadelphia Athletics, hardly an offering to stir the blood, but more than enough to stir mine. The Brownies built up a big lead, but the A's, led by Wally Moses and Bob Johnson, staged one of their rare comebacks and pulled it out of the fire. The sandlot games I had seen so far had not been beautiful to look at, only intellectually interesting (I used phrases like that occasionally, a real little snot in some ways), but here we had something as elegant as the Radio City Rockettes—explosively elegant and almost as fussily stylish as cricket.

Baseball became my constant, obsessive companion after that. Up and down the garden, faster and faster, first as Dick Siebert, the A's first baseman, then as Arky Vaughan, whose name and dour appearance I fancied, then right-handed as Jimmy Foxx. And at night I played out whole games in my head, in which I was always the quiet, unobtrusive professional (I detested showboating) who hit the penultimate single or made a key play in the *eighth* inning. It was as if I'd brought my cricket bat with me, after all.

The point about this was that it was all what D. H. Lawrence would have called "baseball in the head." When I came to play with other boys in the next few years, I continued my solipsistic ways, trotting out quietly to my position, chewing all the gum that my mouth would hold and gazing around with mild, shrewd eyes; or, for a time, grinning like Stan Hack, the Cub third baseman—a steady player

on a steady club, the way I wanted to spend eternity

A sociologist might (and I would probably agree with him, having just made him up) explain my choice of this particular type of athlete quite simply. Baseball was my social passport, and a slight averageness is good on a passport. It means that the officials look at you less closely. Who is that guy over there? Maybe he'd like to play. Say, he's quietly efficient, isn't he? I remember standing around picnic sites and county fairs, wistfully, with my glove half concealed under my arm as if I didn't mean anything by it. I was slightly ashamed of my accent and bitterly ashamed of my first name, but baseball did not judge you by those things. The Statue of Liberty, bat in hand, said, "Try this, kid."

Sometimes, magically, it happened. I was rather light for a ballplayer in spite of weighing myself a lot. I knew the names of all the light ballplayers (the Waner brothers were a special comfort), but still, 80 pounds was 80 pounds, and even with the most graceful swing in town I could rarely nudge the ball past second base. However, I waited out numerous walks, if there happened to be an umpire, fielded as well as the pebbles allowed and always looked a little better than the clumsy lout they had hurled in right field. Afterwards they went their way, into houses I knew nothing about, to a life that contained other things besides baseball, and I went mine.

In the fall of '41 I left for boarding school. Although the baseball season was still raging, I found that it was all over as far as my new school was concerned. I felt as if I had lost a friend. My companion of the long, silent summer was replaced by a harsh, grunting affair, where people shouted like drill sergeants and made a big thing of getting in shape, being in shape, staying in shape. Suck in your gut, get those knees up.

I saw right away that football was the enemy. If 80 pounds was of dubious value in summer, it was downright ludicrous in fall. Beyond that I distrusted the atmosphere of the game, all that crouching and barking. It was a side of America that might have appealed to a little German boy, but hardly to me. The essential solitude of baseball gave way to the false heartiness, the just-feel-that-stomach toughness. We only played touch football that year, but even so managed to make a military thing of it.

God knows how, I came to love football anyway. The finished product, the game itself, transcended all the midweek drivel. I had seen the previous winter one game, in which Whizzer (now Sir Whizzer) White scored two touchdowns against the woebegone Eagles of Philadelphia, and I guess I liked it all right. I drew some crayon pictures of it, anyway, showing little Davey O'Brien being smothered by Lions.

continued

But there was an actuality to the game as played that was quite different from the game as watched or the game as planned. I became second-string quarterback in our rather peculiar school and got to run back a kickoff in a quasi-real game. Huddled in the lee of a gland case, a 250-pound eighth-grader, I made our only considerable gain of the day. I relished the swooping, shifting patterns that had to be diagnosed instantly, the hilarity of each yard gained, the pleasure of doing something you've practiced and getting it right.

It was quite different from my dreamy, poetic, half-mad relationship with baseball. This was crisp and outgoing, hep-two-three-four, and based on the realities of the game, not on some dream of it. Yet it filled the same social purpose. It became a shortcut, or substitute, for mastering the local culture. I still didn't know how to talk to these people but while I was playing I didn't have to. The soundless pat on the back, the "nice going, Shced"—you could be any manner of clod, or even an English boy, and it didn't matter. I remember blocking a punt with my stomach and writhing in agony and feeling it was worth it for the brief respect I commanded.

This was canceled on another occasion, which is still almost too painful to describe, and which I write here only that it may be of help to others: that is, to any 80-pound English refugees who happen to be reading this. The setting was a pickup game played in semidarkness. The agreed-on goal line was a fuzzy patch of trees off in the middle distance, I'm still not sure where. My team was losing 12–0, and it was understood that the next play would be the last one: hence meaningless, a lame-duck exercise. Their man threw a long pass. I intercepted it and stepped backward, someplace in the area of the goal line.

Triumphant hands were clapped on me, and I was told that I had just handed two points to the enemy. Would (and I have woulded this would often since) that Zeus had smitten my tongue at that moment. The game would have been forgotten—12–0, 14–0, who cared—and I would have been spared three lousy years. As it was, I said in fruitiest Cockney, "How was I supposed to know where the goal line was?"

Wrong thing to say. I heard no more about it that day. The saying went underground for a while, and when it emerged the context had been garbled slightly. I was now alleged to have run the wrong way, like in the Rose Bowl, and to have capped it, in what was now a horrible whine, "'ow was Aye suppowsed to know which why the gowl was!" Well, O.K., I was used to that by now, in an Irish school. But this legend so grabbed the popular imagination that I was still hearing it three years later from boys who had just entered the school.

The moral of this tragedy is that sport as a Julien Sorel passport has its treacherous side. It can bestow curses as carelessly as blessings, and the curses stick. However, those first two years would have been grim without sports, which played an unnaturally large part in my life, and still do in my mind, because they were, at times, all I had.

As to my life as a fan, that, too, was a social passport, and therefore doctored slightly. "Hey, how come you know so much about baseball?" could be a friendly question or it could be weighted with menace. Like the not-so-dumb blonde, I found there were circles where it paid to keep my knowledge to myself, even though it burned in the mouth and even though some fat fool was deluding the crowd with wrong statistics.

It was, though, an acceptable subject, and there weren't too many of those. I did not understand cars, had not been camping last summer, had a noncooking mother: subject after subject broke in my hands. Only sports could be trusted. Fate had presented me with three frowsy teams to talk about: the Phillies, A's and Eagles, all usually cemented into their respective last places. (I was foolishly pleased when a friend said, "Don't the A's usually finish around sixth?" The A's never finished anywhere near sixth.) Pennsylvania University was some small consolation—I saw it beat Army, Harvard, Cornell on various weekends—but hardly enough. My own social position was too sensitive to burden with three risible teams, so I decided to diversify. I took on board the Brooklyn Dodgers and the Washington Redskins. Sammy Baugh was a man I could identify with. Lean and steel-eyed, my winter self.

On balance, I would say that playing games didn't do much for my character. It gives one a highly specialized confidence and a highly qualified cooperativeness, but in return it makes one incurably childish. Intellectually, it teaches you that you can't argue with a fact, a mixed blessing. However, being a Brooklyn fan was useful. It taught me to suffer. The Dodgers immediately and definitively broke my heart. I had barely become a fan when Mickey Owen dropped the third strike and gave a World Series game away. Then the next season, 1942, Peter Reiser banged his head on the wall and they blew a 10-game lead over the Cardinals. The Dodgers came to Philadelphia on July 4th strutting like gods and pasted the local scarecrows 14–0 and 5–4. Reiser hit the neatest, mellowest little home run you ever saw. Medwick, Camilli—players twice as big, twice as regal as any since.

On the Sunday after Labor Day the Cardinals came in. They had beaten the Dodgers the day previous, on Whitey Kurowski's home run, to reach first place for the first time. The Dodgers were playing two with Cincinnati. There was strangling doom in the air. I knew, everyone knew, what was going to happen. All afternoon I watched the scoreboard. The Phillies were managing to split with the Cards, an unlikely reprieve, but the Dodgers went down slowly, inexorably to total defeat.

I was insane with grief. It was worse than the fall of France, and the feelings were not dissimilar: the same sense of irreversible momentum and crushed dreams. It seemed strange even then that a misfortune suffered by a random collection of strangers could hurt so much. Yet for days I was sick with sorrow and actually tried to forget about baseball: a trick I wasn't to master for another 20 years. I recovered in time to root lustily for the Cardinals in the World Series. A defeat for the Yankees was already sweeter than a victory for anyone else. Hence there was an element of vindictive nihilism in my baseball thinking, which was to run riot when Walter O'Malley took his team from Brooklyn to L.A. some 16 years later, and which has dominated since that time.

In the fall of '43 we moved to New York. The Philadelphia hermitage was over. No more mowing lawns and hoeing vegetable beds in our victory garden to pay my way to Shibe Park, no more early-morning trolley rides to Frankford and long subway rides from there in order to get the whole of batting practice and two games for my buck and a quarter. I had not realized what a grueling regimen this was until I took

continued

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a friend with a medium interest in baseball along for company. Even though we saw Ted Williams strike out three times on the knuckleball and then hit a home run in the 10th, my friend never once mentioned baseball again.

But now I was in New York, the capital of baseball, and my appetite raged wantonly, like some Thomas Wolfe character in Europe, prowling the streets and roaring In those days every barber shop had a radio, every butcher shop—the whole block was a symphony of baseball.

To be young in Paris, to be coming up for 13 in New York! Unfortunately, the game itself was not in such hot shape right then. The stars were wafting, or drafting, away and being replaced by squinting, shambling defectives like the ones I had left behind in Philadelphia. The Dodgers tried out a 16-year-old shortstop. The lordly Yankees were reduced to the likes of Joe Buzas and Ossie Grimes. The St. Louis Browns actually had a one-armed centerfielder. The hottest player in town was an aging retread called Phil Weintraub. You had to love baseball to survive those years.

But I liked going to the parks anyway. They offered the cultural continuity of churches. You could slip into one in a strange city and pick up the ceremony right away. College football stadiums made me nervous with their brutal cliquishness, and professional football stadiums always gave me rotten seats—the same one, it seemed like, high up and to the left, in back of the goal line But ball parks were home and still are, a place where I understand what my neighbors are up to, even after a year abroad.

The football scene was a slight improvement over Godforsaken Philadelphia. The wartime Giants must have been one of the dullest teams in history, with their off-tackle smashes and their defensive genius But they were usually able to make a game of it. I saw Don Hutson *throw* a touchdown pass off an end-around reverse, and my hero, Sammy Baugh, quick-kick 66 yards to the Giants' four. You didn't seem to see things like that in Philadelphia.

My own playing career mooned along all this while, striking me, at least, as promising. I had become a spottily effective left end, running solemn little down-and-outs and tackling with bravura (I found I wasn't afraid of head-on tackles, which put one in the elite automatically). I discovered that basketball yielded to humorless determination better than most games and I once succeeded in sinking 17 foul shots in a row. But the game had no great emotional interest, it was more like a bar game of skill that whiles away the evenings. I liked the hot gymnasiums and the feel of the floor underfoot, and it was fun fretting about the score, but the game left no resonance afterwards. Fast breaks and the swishing of the strings—a thin collection of memories.

Baseball continued to intoxicate, worse than ever; tossing the ball among snowdrifts at the beginning of spring, the sweet feeling in the hands when you connected and sent it scudding over the winter grass, the satisfaction of turning your back on a fly and turning round in more or less the right place to catch it. I had grown off my 80-pound base and was now a gawky fanatic of 105 or so, willing to field for hours, taking my glove everywhere, pounding an endless pocket into it, seavenging for a game.

This sport, which I had needed so badly on arrival, was now making me pay for its favors. I was enslaved to it, like Emil Jannings to Marlene Dietrich My life had become seriously lopsided. I refused to go swimming because it interfered with my career—tightened the skin on the chest and all that. I looked at the countryside with blank eyes. My father admonished me to throw away my baseball magazines after one reading, but I hid them like an addict. I don't recall reading anything else at all. Nothing, not even the war, interested me anymore.

In my new neighborhood my passport was honored handsomely. I was the best shortstop, in an admittedly skimpy field, and I was always sure of a game. I didn't bother to make friends in any other context, seeing myself as an aloof professional who never mixed business with pleasure. I took an ascetic view of people who goofed off and had a mortal horror of games degenerating into horseplay. "Come on, let's play ball," I would say austerely, like some Dominican friar behind on his *autos-da-fé*. My father, who spent half the war in each country, took me to see a cricket match in Van Cortlandt Park, and it struck me as a vague, ramshackle game. We got into a discussion over the concept "not cricket." It seemed to me ridiculous not to take every advantage you could in a

continued

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game. The slyness and bluff of baseball were as beautiful to me as the winging ball.

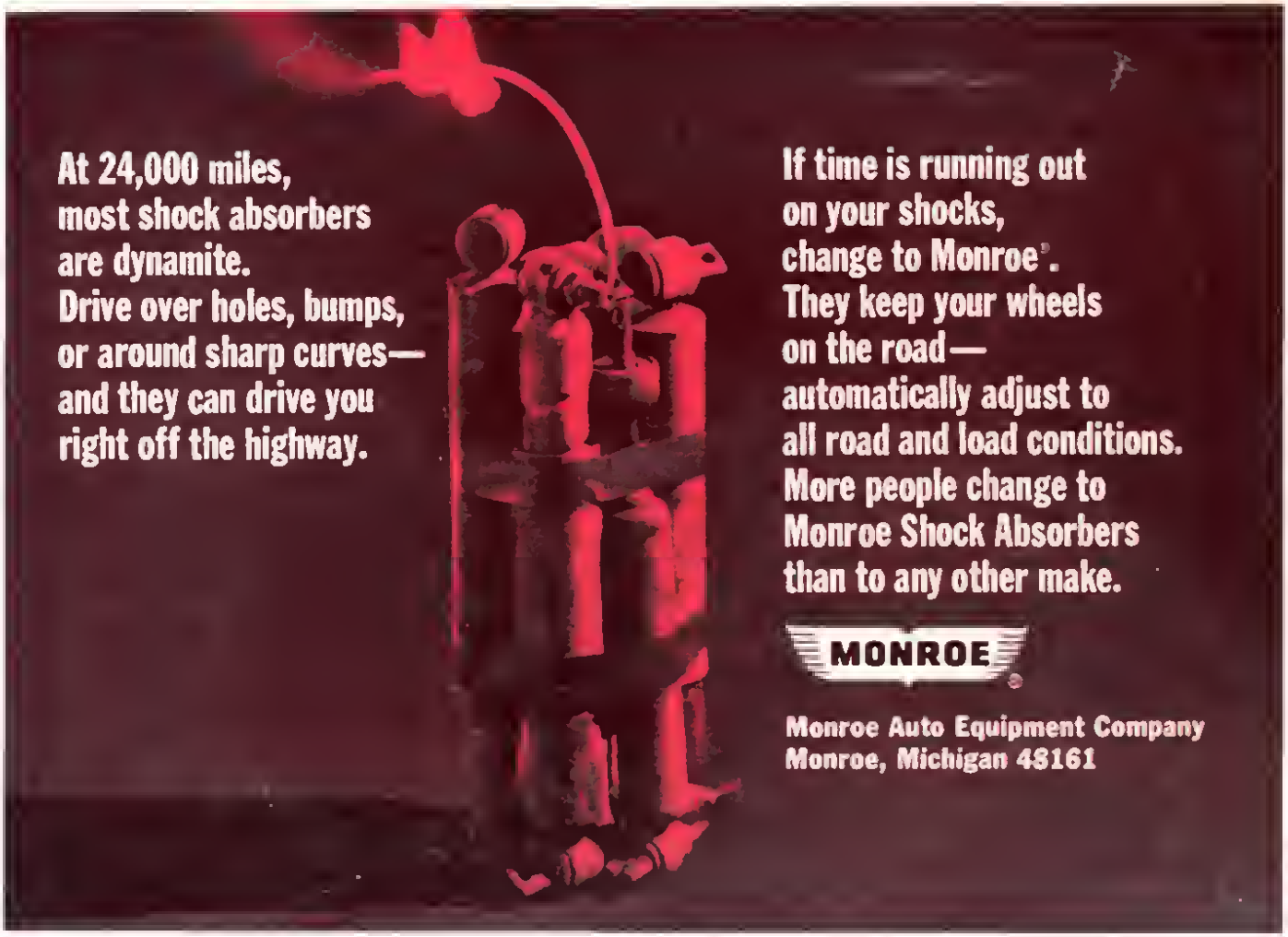
How long this would have lasted, I have no way of knowing. I might have snapped out of it in a year or two, under pressure of girls and such, or followed it glumly until some awakening in a Class A minor league. I contracted polio at the age of 14, and my career was over just like that. I ran a fever and for the first couple of nights I could see nothing in it but sports images: football highlights, baseball highlights, boxing (I was the only boy in school who had rooted for Louis over Conn, so I had the films of the fight in my repertoire), all rushing through my head like the Gadarene swine on their way to the sea. I was allowed to switch sports, but not the main subject. My obsession had to play itself out.

When calmness returned, I found my interest in sports had fixated, frozen, at that particular point. I was to remain a 14-year-old fan for the next 20 years. I continued thinking that the life of a professional ballplayer was attractive long after a sensible man would have abandoned the notion. I returned to England for a while and became a cricket nut all over again.

Yet it wasn't really the same. I knew now that my bat had been taken for good and I had better find something else to do. Sports still raged, but in one lobe only. The other was liberated, free to grow up if it could. And my interest in sport was more house-trained and philosophical: no more wrist-slashing over defeat, no more hero worship, an occasional thin smile while losing at pool —all in all, about as much maturity as you can expect from a hardened sports addict.

But when I see some Negro or Puerto Rican kid making basket catches or running like an arrow, breaking the language barrier and waving his passport, I feel like saying O.K., but don't take it too seriously, don't let this be all. Sports are socially useful, up to a strictly limited point. I stopped being a foreigner the moment I blocked that kick, and a moment is sometimes all it takes. But blocking kicks or whacking baseballs only gets you so far. (Don't bring those muddy boots in the living room.) The mockery starts up again the minute you leave the park.

I thought sports had made me an American but in some ways they actually retarded the process. I played them like an English colonial officer, exhausting himself with some amusing native game and missing too many other things. Having said that, let me double back on it: if you had to limit yourself to one aspect of American life, the showdowns between pitcher and hitter, quarterback and defense, hustler and fish, would tell you more about politics, manners, style in this country than any one other thing. Sports constitute a code, a language of the emotions, and a tourist who skips the stadiums will not recoup his losses at Lincoln Center and Grant's Tomb. END



by ***MARTIN KANE***

A CREEPY CREW STALKS FLORIDA BY NIGHT

A poisonous South American toad and a walking Siamese catfish are loose on the peninsula, along with many other exotic species which threaten native game, kill dogs and scare people

Perhaps more than the people of any other state, Florida residents are attracted to the collection of bizarre pets Tropical fish shops abound; a house without an aquarium is not a home. And Florida has seen turned loose in its wilds more exotic beasts, birds and reptiles than any state except Hawaii. The results have not always been happy. Just as Hawaii learned from its experience with the mongoose, and Australia learned from rabbits, so Florida is learning from the red-whiskered bulbul, the poisonous giant toad and the South American caiman that a wide-open immigration policy can be dangerous, especially in an area and climate where all things seem to flourish. Or is the state really learning? Gloomy biologists, worrying about the effects of strange animals intruding on the stamping ground of native species, think there ought to be a law against it all, but find little public outcry for one As of the moment, the pet shop lobby has the situation well in hand. But now game fishermen—and fishing is one of Florida's chief industries—are beginning to worry The native black bass (Florida's largemouths are the biggest to be found in any state) is facing competition from the African cichlid and the peacock cichlid, which are something on the order of American sunfishes But an even greater threat, perhaps the worst of all, now looms.

A year ago last March a boy fishing with worms in a canal near Palm Beach caught a very strange fish. It breathed air and was capable of walking, after a fashion, on land. Otherwise it looked like a catfish, whiskers and all, except that it had white skin and pink eyes. There are some 2,000 species of catfish scattered around the world and it took a little doing to pin this one down to the point of positive identification. Bob Goodrick, fisheries biologist of the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, studied the fish, and Dr. Walter R Courtenay Jr., ichthyologist and assistant professor of zoology at Florida Atlantic University, dissected it. Eventually the curious thing wound up at the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, which identified it as *Clarias batrachus*, or, as we say, walking catfish. Furthermore, it was an albino of the species, which accounted for the white skin and pink eyes. A little research disclosed that an ordinary, run-of-the-mill walking catfish is not fantastic enough for the keepers of home aquariums in Florida, and so thousands of albinos—the first of them from Thailand, which also supplies us with Siamese fighting fish—were imported by the pet and

LAND ROVING CATFISH (*right*) and sinister toad (*left*) have joined snappish caiman in invasion that now includes 62 exotic species

fish shopkeepers. Catfish were going like hot fish cakes at 69¢ apiece when newspapers began reporting that they were a danger to the ecology of Florida. Then, so perverse is the human condition, the price jumped to 89¢.

Many kinds of catfish have a way of being weird. There is a European variety (*Silurus glanis*) which is said to reach a length of 10 feet and weigh 400 pounds. It does not walk, but catfish of the Andes have been known to climb precipices. And walking is not confined to the Southeast Asiatic type found in Florida. An African catfish, which grows to a weight of 50 or 60 pounds, also strolls about when the spirit moves it. Then—and this has to be the absolute end in nonconformity—there is a Nile catfish that is white on its back and black on its belly. The reason: it swims upside down.

The catfish found in Florida may be said only out of courtesy to "walk." It moves more like a man crawling on his elbows. They have strong pectoral fins with spines on them which serve as anchors, and on these they more or less elbow their way forward, assisting their progress by sculling with their tails. On very dry land their skin may be scraped badly but it heals in two or three weeks. Sometimes, in walking under adverse conditions, they lose their whiskers (barbels) entirely but these are regenerated in a week, says Dr. Courtenay.

Once alerted to the dangers implicit in the presence of a walking catfish on Florida soil, the biologists began studying the beast with a kind of nervous intensity. They came to conclusions that are not encouraging. Goodrick and a colleague, Vernon E. Ogilvie, found that "the usual barriers [salt water, control structures, levees, etc.] which confine or control the movements of freshwater fishes do not apply to the family *Clariidae*. A fish with the ability and inclination to leave the water and 'walk' around is, to the best of our knowledge, unmanageable," they concluded.

"The individual or individuals responsible for introducing the *Clarias* catfish may have done the people of Florida a great disservice," they said. "It is quite possible that the *Clarias* may have a more detrimental effect on the ecology of Florida than any other group of fishes including the piranhas."

Piranhas, whose importation is now prohibited though pet shops have sold thousands in the past, have been reported present in the Everglades, but this has not been confirmed. They are, of course, those voracious South American devils, more deadly than sharks, a school of which can strip an entire animal, including man, down to a skeleton in a matter of minutes.

Well, a walking catfish can scare the hell out of a piranha. The catfish are extremely aggressive, though it is not true, as an excited lady reported, that one of them attacked her dog. Still, a specimen 13 inches long did kill another of equal size in a 70-gallon tank and so terrorized the other fish, both exotic and native, that, as Ogilvie and Goodrick reported, the fish "gave the *Clarias* a wide berth, the piranha being no exception."

The walking catfish is a most powerful jumper, capable of leaping four feet out of the water, which would be considered rather more than exceptional for a trout or salmon, and on land they are able to move at a rate of 20 to 30 feet a minute. They have not actually been observed moving overland for as long as a minute, since they are then hunting for such food as snails and pause from time to time to sniff the air or something, but that is their rate of speed. In addition to snails they are fond of freshwater shrimp, crayfish, frogs, tadpoles and, most importantly, small game fish like baby bass.

The walking catfish "are so strong and slippery," Ogilvie and Goodrick reported, "that it is nearly impossible to handle them." Few would want to. Some have tried their flesh (the preference is for frying) and, with something less than enthusiasm, pronounced it edible, but skinning them is an ugly and difficult task and the odor can be offensive.

They grow to a length of 18 or 20 inches and seem to breed at an extraordinary rate. Of those collected by the Game and Fresh Water biologists up to mid-October, the ratio of young to adults was about 75 to 1. The biologists collected a total of 4,000, of which about 1,500 were from dealers, the rest found in the wild.

continued

What enables the catfish to breathe indefinitely on land—one has been found half a mile from the nearest water—is a pair of "accessory breathing organs" which cannot quite be called lungs but make it possible for the species to live in water almost deprived of oxygen. They, and especially the albinos, are extremely sensitive to sunlight, and they come ashore in search of food chiefly at night. As they breed, however, the albino strain is diminishing and the fish is reverting to its natural coloration, which is gray on the back, with tiny white spots, and the customary white belly. If caught out during the day in the dry season, a mud hole left by a drying canal or pond will protect them. They just bury themselves in the mud.

All the fuss started when a dealer in exotic fishes dumped some catfish into a rearing pond and neglected to build a fence around it. The catfish had no trouble escaping, and pretty soon they were being found in quantity in both Palm Beach and Broward counties. Since Florida has a widespread network of interconnecting canals, almost all of them with access to lakes and streams, the presumption must be that one day the whole of the state will be infested.

Present opinion among biologists is that nothing much can be done about it since, as Dr. Courtenay observes, even rotenone, a standard poison for killing fish, does not work too well on the catfish. Some succumb, but others—once they get a whiff of the stuff—climb out of the water and seek a healthier environment, leaving behind a floating mass of dead native fish.

The ultimate effect of the catfish on the native game fish population is in a merely speculative stage now. It is remotely conceivable that a predator that can control them may turn up in time.

Goodrick would like to run a test of the effect on natives by introducing catfish into a fenced-in pond already stocked with native species. After a time the number of natives would be counted. An appreciable decline would be ominous. To affect the native population the catfish would not necessarily have to eat the young, though he has been known to do that too. A body of water of given size can support only just so much life because it can supply only just so much food and breeding facilities. Introducing an aggressive exotic into the environment, especially so prodigious a breeder as the catfish seems to be, adds to the competition for food and *Lebensraum*. The catfish would have a rather special advantage, too, since he can leave a depleted body of water and feed off the land while looking for a better hole.

The walking catfish is not the only import to give Florida headaches. The too-familiar water hyacinth, a Venezuela variety with very pretty blossoms, turned out to be a lovely nuisance, choking canals, streams and lakes and costing the state millions of dollars just to keep it under some kind of control. One hyacinth can become 65,000 in a single year, during which the state will have spent $1 million trying to clear out at least a reasonable quantity. In desperation sea cows, which eat enormous quantities of vegetation, were introduced a few years ago, but water hyacinths seem to spread faster than sea cows can eat them.

During the 1950s the Mediterranean fruit fly invaded Florida and attacked the citrus crop. To eradicate it cost $11 million—and in 1965 it was replaced by the Caribbean fruit fly. The battle against that one is still going on. While the state's fruit farmers wield their fly swatters, or whatever, they are worrying about another immigrant, the red-whiskered bulbul, an Asiatic bird that dearly loves oranges and lemons. Like so many other exotics, including the walking catfish, the bulbul became a problem soon after it escaped: 10 years ago a hurricane blew down a huge cage on a rare bird farm and now the bulbul is not so rare.

Then there is the giant South American toad (*Bufo marinus*), which is poisonous, as all toads are to some degree, but in this case especially so. With legs stretched out fore and aft, these toads can attain a length of 30 inches or more, and they have poison sacs of considerable size in their necks.

Introduced and turned loose deliberately in 1958, the idea was that *Bufo* would eat harmful insects in greater quantities than the little native toads, and thus aid agriculture. This it has done faithfully, but it has begun to put down the native population by consuming their share of the food supply. And worst of all, it is a menace to dogs, hundreds of which have been killed by *Bufo*. It doesn't bite them, they bite it, and in doing so they puncture the poison sacs in the toad's neck.

(Will the person or persons who recently stole several hundred little South American frogs—*Dendrobates tinctorious*—from a tropical fish importer's stock please not release them? Colombian Indians dip hunting arrows in their poison.)

Another pet shop importation was the South American caiman, a member of the alligator family and a nasty one. A Florida alligator is a cuddlesome thing compared to a caiman, which grows to a length of six feet and is both aggressive and vicious. The pet shop people used to make a great thing out of selling native baby alligators to both tourists and residents. Then, because the Florida alligator was approaching extinction due to ecological factors and the depredation of poachers, the law forbade sale of the natives. The shopkeepers turned to the caiman as a piece of merchandise. It sold well because most people don't know the difference. But when it was discovered that caimans tend to bite off the hand that feeds them a lot of pet owners turned them loose to increase and multiply, which they did.

In a recent issue of *The Florida Naturalist*, published by the Florida Audubon Society, Dr. Wayne King, associate curator of reptiles of the New York Zoological Park, listed 62 exotic vertebrate species that have made a good thing out of moving to Florida. Among them were 15 mammals (including rhesus monkeys, coyotes and ocelots); 12 birds (budgerigars, starlings, Egyptian geese), 19 reptiles (tokay gecko, rhinoceros iguana, Texas horned lizard); three amphibians (giant toad, greenhouse frog, Cuban tree frog), and 13 fish (gar pike, top minnow, black acara and armored catfish). No mention was made in the list of the walking catfish, perhaps because it has not yet been established scientifically that he will stick around.

All the others are well-entrenched, though, and leaving their mark on the ecology. The imported scarlet ibis, for instance, is mating with the native white ibis, and that means the resulting hybrid, the scarlet-white ibis, will not be able to reproduce itself any more than a mule can. Nevertheless the Florida Game and Fresh Water Commission has put the scarlet ibis on its protected list. It's so pretty.

Even imported plants have been found to be a menace. The cajeput tree, originally found only in New Guinea and Australia, is quite spectacular, growing to a height of 100 feet or more, and so

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in 1912 some were brought over the seas and planted in Florida. Now they are spreading through the Everglades and, as King points out, "destroying suitable habitat for many native animals."

"Because it is not restricted to roadside canals and ponds," King observes, "it will be harder to control than even the water hyacinth."

Because they are so isolated, probably, King did not bother to list the exotic animals on St. Vincent Island, off Apalachicola, where African zebra, elands, giant African antelope, German boar and Sambar bucks may be observed, provided you can get approval for a visit from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, which worries about boars attacking tourists. The whole thing is the creation of a patent medicine millionaire, Dr. Ray V. Pierce, who bought the island early in the century and stocked it with animals of his choice. Fish and Wildlife owns it now.

Nor did King mention the boa constrictors and anacondas that have been reported in the Everglades.

Botanists, zoologists, ecologists and plain sportsmen are extremely worried about the effects of exotics on Florida's wildlife but, in fact, this worry may turn out to be academic. The greatest exotic of them all, civilized man, is doing vastly more damage to Florida than the walking catfish, the red-whiskered bulbul or the cajeput tree. A few years ago the U.S. Department of Agriculture predicted that within 35 years the soil of Florida from Lake Okeechobee south will have been oxidized into limestone. Even before then there had been predictions that the area would rather soon be converted into a salt desert. That gives Florida until around the year 2000 A.D. to do something about it, if anything can be done.

"I don't think we'll miss that date by much," says Larry Shanks, project leader for the River Basins Study of the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, "if we keep getting more people down here."

The trouble with people is that they use so much water, personally and industrially. So long as the state's flat freshwater marshes are let alone they retain half-decayed organic material in which plants, animals and fish can survive and reproduce. But when such an area is drained, the muck dries and oxidizes. The final product is useless limestone. So long as civilized man uses the water for drinking, for agricultural irrigation, for carrying off industrial waste, for salinity control and for sewage disposal, there is little hope that the process can be reversed. For the past several years Miami has been rationing water, but the water table continues to fall.

All the continuing deterioration of this prolific land comes directly or indirectly from trying to fulfill the needs and wants of people. As more people and industries come in (and the population is rising fast) more water must be pumped up from the underground rivers. There have always been, on a modest cyclical scale, fairly gentle rises and falls in Florida's water reserves, but in recent years the contrast between floods and droughts has been dangerously severe. Because the fresh water from underground rivers is constantly being pumped up for industrial, agricultural and sewage disposal use, the loss of pressure eventually may allow salt water to pour in. Then Florida, or a big chunk of that pleasant peninsula, is finished.

Early in this decade, when drought in the Everglades was critical, the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers was pressured into doing something that would supposedly guarantee the great national park a consistently adequate supply of water. The Corps borrowed a computer at Cape Canaveral and concluded that by about the year 2012 extraordinarily drastic measures would have to be used to produce water. The natural supply would be gone. (Florida's Flood Control department computes this date to be closer to 2000.)

So far nothing that promises to be effective has been done, and Shanks thinks that all measures will be futile unless the number of people and industries allowed to settle in southern Florida is limited by strictly enforced zoning laws. The public is aroused to some extent (the Audubon Society, women's garden clubs, the League of Women Voters) but not enough. Industries still are clamoring to buy more land. Housing developments are cluttering the landscape with houses on small lots. Businessmen recently asked to drain part of a conservation area in the Everglades to build the world's largest airport.

Maybe Ponce de León should of stood in bed and maybe the walking catfish, if it had studied the situation, would have elected to stay in Thailand. **END**

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Dicky does a bit of everything but dicker

Kentucky's dauntless all-purpose football-and-horseplayer, Dicky Lyons, was his usual ubiquitous self as the Wildcats thumped West Virginia's clean-living, churchgoing stalwarts

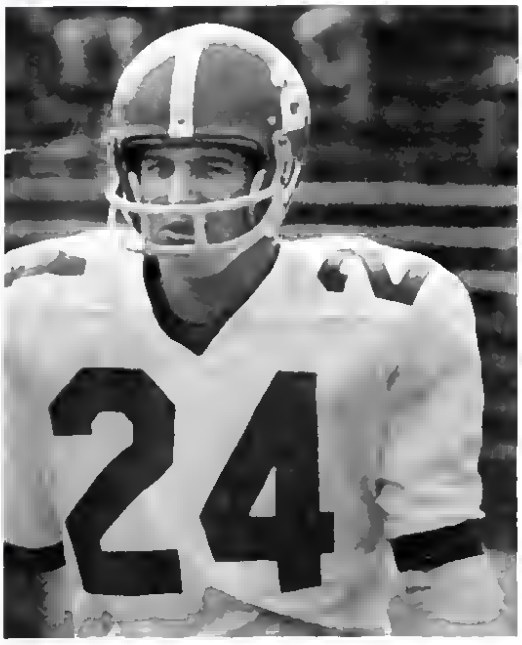
by MYRON COPE

The eyes of the nation were not exactly fastened upon the Battle of Appalachia—Kentucky vs. West Virginia—but the game possessed certain elements of charm, among them the Black Irishman who fails to excite pro football scouts yet manages to spellbind them. They say that Dicky Lyons, Kentucky tailback, is neither good-sized (6 feet, 195 pounds) nor a hayburner. On the other hand, Dicky does commit interesting acts of violence.

In the midst of a game last year he decked one of his teammates, a 225-pound offensive tackle, for missing a block. In a sprint drill he caught sight of a teammate passing him, whereupon he grabbed the no-good overachiever, flung him out of the race and went on to beat the field.

In a preseason scrimmage he bristled while his coach ordered reruns of a play because an end repeatedly failed to execute his block. Between plays Dicky marched up to the end and dropped him with a forearm to the jaw. On the next rerun the end blocked his man. Again in practice, Raynard Makin, a burly sophomore fullback, took his time assuming a ready stance. Suddenly he pitched forward on his face, Dicky having stepped up and planted a knee in his rump. "It's just kind of silly when you got 10 guys doin' the right thing and only one guy who is messin' up," Dicky explains.

Two Saturdays ago he raced into the Georgia end zone and trapped a pass on one bounce. Convinced that had he dived for the ball he would have caught it—that he had messed up—he raged at himself. When the referee returned the ball to the line of scrimmage, Dicky booted it into, roughly, the 20th row. "You gotta get excited to play football," he says. "If a guy can't get mad he doesn't have any business out there."



THE LOOK OF LYONS BEFORE THE GAME

Aware as they are of these personality quirks, how come pro scouts can't keep their minds off Dicky Lyons? There are a lot of reasons. He not only leads the Southeastern Conference in scoring, with 66 points, but he blocks, catches passes, runs back punts and kickoffs (he's only 13 yards short of running them back for more yardage than any man in NCAA history) and charges downfield under his own team's punts to flatten the enemy. When injuries or talent shortages have so dictated, Kentucky has employed Dicky as a punter, fullback and quarterback. And on one occasion, when a field-goal specialist was injured, Dicky stepped into the breach and booted a 33-yarder. "He doesn't have the talent we're looking for," a pro scout says, "and he needs football discipline, because he'll try to return a kick from the end zone and he'll run all over the field losing big yardage to gain one yard. But I suppose he'll go in the third round of the draft. How can you resist him?"

Yet for all Dicky's winning do-or-die, his team is a loser. Indeed, only four days before the West Virginia game, Kentucky Coach Charlie Bradshaw announced his resignation, effective the end of the season. His Wildcats had beaten two nationally ranked teams, Missouri and Oregon State, but had been done in by four conference opponents. Reduced to fighting for the championship of Appalachia, the Wildcats assembled for a meeting on Saturday morning in Morgantown. "We just decided to give everything for the coach," Dicky said. "The reason he resigned was he thought he wasn't helpin' the team, but he was wrong. We let him down. Now we want to play good enough to get those people in Kentucky to ask him back."

With this resolve, Dicky's gang rolled up an early 14–0 lead. Quarterback Dave Bair, whose passes this season have been intercepted almost half as often as they have been completed, fired a crisp 22-yard touchdown pass. Safety Dave Hunter, a 9.6 sprinter, intercepted a pass in his end zone and, before you could say "Turkey Hughes," rambled 101 yards to equal a Kentucky record set 44 years ago—by good old Turkey Hughes, of course. With two Kentucky touchdowns on the board, one could not help wondering if West Virginia's young coach, 35-year-old Jim Carlen, was headed down the same bleak trail that Charlie Bradshaw had traveled. One can picture Carlen's pudgy face turning Bradshaw-grim in the years to come, and his hair Bradshaw-gray.

As college football headmasters of Appalachia, both men doggedly have fought to upgrade high school football programs in their states, knowing their futures had to depend upon homegrown talent. (Would an O. J. Simpson yearn to flee California for the mountain coun-

continued

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try?) The state of Kentucky dotes on basketball, and her few choice football players had taken to emigrating. Bradshaw slowed the exodus. "We turned the corner," he said. But with only one winning season in seven, he knew he had turned it too late.

Back in the hollows and forks of West Virginia, where education funds run thin, high schools make do with one-man coaching staffs. Carlen, a tall, pumpkin-faced Tennessean hired off the Georgia Tech staff three seasons ago, tore through the state, bawling out the citizenry, who masochistically liked what they heard and lined up to pay $25 a plate to help subsidize football scholarships and take Carlen's players off a training-table diet of white beans and potatoes. Facing more ambitious schedules, Carlen means to make the Mountaineers a major independent. Toward that end, he swiftly obliterated the public's concept of a Mountaineer football player.

"My high school English teacher," says Carlen's splendid spindly sophomore quarterback, Mike Sherwood, "was here when Coach Carlen took over. She told me that before he arrived, you could always tell a West Virginia football player when one walked down the street. She said he'd be sort of—well—sloppy. And people would have to get out of his way." Coeds, the story goes, walked great distances to avoid Boreman Hall, which housed freshman football players. Oldtimers at the university insist such claims are gross exaggerations, adding that so far as they know, it is also untrue that the players chewed Mail Pouch during workouts and drank red-eye before retiring.

Anyhow, James Anthony Carlen III outlawed smoking and drinking, strongly recommended lean waistlines and church on Sunday and scheduled 5 a.m. calisthenics for any player caught cutting a class. "I tell 'em, 'football is payin' your scholarship,'" he says, "'and if you can't learn anythin' in class, let's go on down and we'll check the teacher out.' I think teachers have a real impact. I'm not sayin' our kids have become any kind of Phi Beters," he says, "but they're takin' more interest."

In this, his third year, Carlen expected to start winning big, for he still has a relatively soft schedule. He did win, four times. But Penn State and Virginia Tech—the only class teams among the first six opponents—beat him, and then, suddenly, here was Kentucky with a 14–0 lead. Carlen's clean-cut abstinents fought back at this point, however, making it only 14–10 at halftime.

Soon after, though, Dicky Lyons went to work for his man Charlie. While Bair, the quarterback, and Makin, the fullback, handled the ball on a drive to the 13, Dicky amused himself by running out fakes and blocking Mountaineers prostrate. From the 13 in, he swept end for five yards, then butted three tacklers till they yielded three more yards. Then he swung wide to his right—straight into a swarm of West Virginians. For five yards he pushed, slithered, lunged and, just barely, laid the ball across the goal line. "He may go a long while not lookin' good," Carlen had said of Dicky earlier, "and he'll lull you to sleep. Then look out."

With his third-quarter touchdown Dicky had broken the game open, and in the fourth quarter he put it out of reach. He carried three times from the nine to nonexistent openings, skipping through two pairs of West Virginia hands on a sweep, banging over tackle into West Virginia bellies, and finally sailing the last yard like an Al Oerter discus. That done, Dicky retired for the day and watched his guilt-ridden gang cruise to a 35–16 sop for Charlie. Against a Mountaineer defense loaded up front to stop him, Dicky had made only one sizable run—a 20-yarder nullified by a penalty—but he had soaked out 67 yards the hard way.

If the mourners who filed into West Virginia's dressing room viewed the Mountaineers' third defeat as the beginning of the end for Carlen's campaign to join the football elite, Sunny Jim, stripped to the waist, stood ready to revive their faith. "Our day's comin'," he said. "I'd like to have won more games, but we've had to go with a lot of inexperienced youngsters, and we've had all kinds of injuries." For the sake of impudence, a reporter pointed out to Carlen that Dicky Lyons, a Louisville boy, is said to lead the Kentucky campus in parking tickets and that he is an incurable horseplayer who often can be found biting his nails while sweating out the race results as they come over the radio. Would Carlen tolerate a Dicky among his new-image Mountaineers? Carlen smiled. "Well," he said, "if he can afford to play the horses I don't suppose I'd object in the least."

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

WEST

1. USC (6-0)
2. CALIFORNIA (5-1-1)
3. OREGON STATE (5-2)

USC Coach John McKay was once a pretty good halfback at Oregon and later an assistant coach there, and for his homecoming Oregon Coach Jerry Frei had a few things planned for McKay and his unbeaten and No 1-ranked Trojans. First, for O. J. Simpson's benefit, Frei thoughtfully arranged for a drenching downpour that turned the field into a quagmire. It was, though, lovely weather for the Ducks. They surprised USC with a spirited attack that took unusual liberties with the Trojans' defense, gaining 359 yards. With less than three minutes to play, Simpson had gained only 67 yards and Oregon had USC in a 13–13 tie. But then the Webfoots ran out of luck. A lost fumble after a 61-yard pass play, a pass interference call on the Oregon three and Quarterback Steve Sogge's touchdown pass to Bob Klein with 1:12 to go won for USC 20–13. The close call provided cold comfort for the Trojans, whose next two games are against California and Oregon State.

California, though, had some problems of its own up in Seattle. Washington's Al Worley, a slender defensive back who specializes in intercepting passes, picked off one of Cal Quarterback Randy Humphries' tosses in the second quarter and ran it back 32 yards for a touchdown. It was Worley's 12th of the year and he got his lucky 13th later to tie the single-season NCAA record set by Oregon's George Shaw in 1951. Even so, it seemed that California would surely break a 7–7 tie with the Huskies. With 24 seconds left, Cal was on the Washington one with Placekicker Ron Miller nervously pacing the sidelines waiting to be called into the game. He never got there, though, because Humphries fumbled, Linebacker George Jugum recovered for the Huskies and California had to settle for a disappointing standoff.

Oregon State, meanwhile, looked like the hottest team in the Pacific Eight. Coach Dee Andros, who likes his football pure and simple, turned his double-tackle unbalanced-line offense loose against Stanford and it picked the poor Indians clean. OSU passed only five times, but Fullback Bill Enyart rumbled inside for 164 yards, Quarterback Steve Preece and Wingback Billy Main exploited the outside with pitchout plays for more than 100 yards and two touchdowns and Oregon State won 29–7. "They beat us every which way," said Stanford's John Ralston. "Oregon State is the best team we've played." Ralston, presumably, was un-

continued

Mother warned me...

that there would be men like you driving cars like that. Do you really think you can get to me with that long, low, tough machine you just rolled up in? Ha! If you think a girl with real values is impressed by your air conditioning and stereo . . . a 440 Magnum, whatever that is . . . well—it takes more than cushy bucket seats to make me flip. Charger R/T SE. Sounds like alphabet soup. Frankly, I'm attracted to you because you have a very intelligent face. My name's Julia.

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BOOTS BY NOCONA

cluding USC, which barely beat Stanford.

Wyoming hasn't got a lock on the Western AC title yet but the Cowboys are closing in on it. With Fullback Dave Hampton piling up 121 yards and scoring three touchdowns, the Cowboys smothered Colorado State 46–14. Wyoming, however, still has to beat Texas-El Paso and Arizona, which defeated Washington State 28–14. Arizona State's 63–28 whomping of New Mexico was no surprise but Utah's 30–21 victory over Brigham Young was. Utah Quarterback Ray Groth led the Utes, running for 134 yards and three touchdowns and completing 11 passes for 92 more.

The duel between West Texas State's Mercury Morris, the nation's leading rusher, and New Mexico State's Ron (Po) James, who ranks fifth, was no contest. James outgained Morris 160 yards to 85 to win the battle but West Texas won the war 23–14.

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (5-1-1)
2. ARKANSAS (6-1)
3. HOUSTON (3-1-2)

It was late last Thursday afternoon, and Texas players, their workout over, were headed for the dressing room when Coach Darrell Royal called back his first-string backfield and Split End Cotton Speyrer. "He said he had something he wanted to try," Speyrer said later. What Royal had in mind was an end-around reverse off a triple option in which there was also a fake hand-off to the fullback, a fake pitchout to the halfback and then a pitchback to Speyrer. Two days later the play worked almost to perfection, Speyrer going 81 yards before an SMU player got a handful of Cotton on the Mustang four. Quarterback Jim Street plunged over for a touchdown and the Longhorns were on their way to a 38–7 win. Chris Gilbert kept the offense rolling by gaining 145 yards rushing, and the defense clamped down on Quarterback Chuck Hixson and his pet receiver, Jerry Levias. Hixson completed 31 of 50 throws, but had three intercepted, fumbled twice and was thrown for losses seven times. The Longhorns, advised that Levias tended to conserve his energy when he was not the primary target, relaxed their coverage and picked up other potential receivers.

Arkansas and Texas Tech also won, moving into a four-way tie for the Southwest Conference lead with Texas and SMU. Bill Montgomery, the nearsighted Razorback quarterback, hit on 20 of 28 passes as Arkansas rallied from a 14–6 halftime deficit to overcome Texas A&M 25–22. In all, there were 84 passes in the game, with Edd Hargett of the Aggies finding the range on 28 of 55. Roger Freeman gained 83 yards to help Texas Tech thump Rice 38–15.

Ross Montgomery of TCU scored three times and banged out 177 yards in 36 carries as the Horned Frogs ended a four-game losing streak by beating Baylor 47–14. Five touchdown passes by Steve Ramsey gave North Texas State its first Missouri Valley Conference victory, 55–34, over Cincinnati.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (6-0)
2. ARMY (4-3)
3. YALE (6-0)

The big game was in University Park, where Penn State managed to hold off Army 28–24 (*page 19*), but interest was just as high in Cambridge as unbeaten Harvard and Penn had at each other in the Ivy League's first showdown. It had been years since anyone dared mention Penn in the same hallowed breath with Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Dartmouth, the perennial contenders for the championship, but Bob Odell, an ambitious young coach who had survived a critical policy struggle concerning how much emphasis should be placed on Penn athletics, began collecting some eager young student athletes. These included a quarterback with the unlikely name of Bernie Zbrzezny, and suddenly the Quakers were no longer peaceful. In fact they were downright rambunctious while winning their first five games. "Maybe we're just too dumb to know how poor we're supposed to be," Zbrzezny said.

But like all good things, Penn's winning streak came to an end last week. Harvard, which also had been something of a pleasant surprise, was simply too much for the Quakers. The first three times Penn got the ball it lost it on interceptions and a fumble. The alert Crimson turned two of those errors into touchdowns by Halfback Ray Hornblower and Quarterback George Lalich, and then Halfback Vic Gatto ran back a punt 70 yards to give Harvard a 21–0 lead in the first quarter. After that the Harvard defense took over, and Penn never had a chance. Harvard won 28–6. Odell was impressed. "That's the greatest defensive team I've seen in this league in four years," he said enviously.

Elsewhere in the Ivy League it was offense that caught the eye. Yale's Brian Dowling had one of his finest days, completing 14 of 22 passes for 295 yards and three touchdowns, and running for a fourth score as the Elis whipped Dartmouth 47–27. Princeton's Brian McCullough scored four times in a 50–7 rout of Brown. The most brilliant performance, though, was the one turned in by Columbia's Marty Domres, a lanky 6' 4" quarterback with a slingshot arm. Domres broke four Ivy records—for career passing yardage and completions, and single-game passing yardage and total offense. More important, he gave Coach Frank Navarro his first victory, over Cornell, 34–25.

Syracuse, embarrassed by its 43–0 loss to California, wasted little time getting over its humiliation. The Orange lit into unsuspecting Holy Cross and walloped the Crusaders 47–0. Tackle Ray White started the rout by recovering a blocked punt in the end zone, and after that it was all uphill for Holy Cross. Syracuse passed and ran for 476 yards as seven different players scored.

Navy, with nothing to lose against Notre Dame in Philadelphia, tried an onside kick, gambled twice for short yardage on fourth down in its own territory and once even faked a punt and tried a pass. "If I could have thought of anything else I would have used that too," said Coach Bill Elias. It was all to no avail. Quarterback Terry Hanratty, although suffering with a sore back muscle and a queasy stomach, picked apart the futile Middies with his passes, Halfback Bob Gladieux pounded them for two touchdowns and Notre Dame coasted 45–14.

It had been a full week—and one victory—since Rutgers Coach John Bateman made the big decision to replace Bruce Van Ness at quarterback with Rich Policastro. "Van Ness is a free spirit," Bateman had explained. "He doesn't want a quarterback's responsibility." For a while last Saturday, Bateman may have had some second thoughts. Delaware was leading 14–10 despite an 84-yard run by Halfback Bryant Mitchell. Then Policastro fired a 35-yard touchdown pass to Jim Benedict and all was well with the Scarlet Knights. They won 23–14.

There was nothing bashful about Buffalo and Temple when they got together. Temple's John Waller completed 35 of 62 passes for 440 yards and five touchdowns. But it all came after Fullback Joe Zelmanski had bulled over for three touchdowns to give Buffalo a 22–0 lead. The Bulls held on to win 50–40. Colgate was less explosive, but the Red Raiders were just as effective. They beat Lehigh 27–11.

MIDWEST

1. OHIO STATE (6-0)
2. KANSAS (7-0)
3. PURDUE (6-1)

Despite Ohio State's 25–20 victory over Michigan State (*page 16*) the race was not all over in the Big Ten. Michigan's surprising Wolverines manhandled Northwestern 35–0, blasting the Wildcat's upset hopes with a three-touchdown barrage after a scoreless first quarter. Within an astonishing 73 seconds of the second period, Quarterback Dennis Brown passed to Bill Harris for a touchdown, Halfback Ron Johnson ran five yards for another score and Dan Parks, a 235-pound sophomore tackle, wheezed 50 yards with an intercepted pass. By halftime the Wolverines had a 28–0 lead and the rest was a formality.

The news that Coach Jack Mollenkopf had been hospitalized with infectious hepatitis hit Purdue hard—though perhaps not quite as hard as the Boilermakers hit Il-

continued

linois With Acting Coach Bob DeMoss running the team from a deck above the press box—and following Mollenkopf's game plan—Purdue got to the poor Illini early and never let up Fullback Perry Williams ran for 106 yards, Halfback Leroy Keyes gained 81 and they both broke Duane Purvis' 34-year-old career rushing record They also scored a touchdown each, and Keyes passed for another as Purdue won easily 35–17.

Indiana won another tight game, but not in the usual come-from-behind fashion This time they got ahead 21–7, then held off the rallying Wisconsin Badgers, who went for a two-point conversion, missed and lost 21–20 in the last quarter. Iowa stormed from behind on three touchdowns by Quarterback Larry Lawrence—he got four in the game—to outscore Minnesota 35–28.

Following his team's 27–14 win over Colorado, Kansas Coach Pepper Rodgers said, "I can't any more tell my players not to think about bowl games than I can tell them not to think about girls." During the week's drills, though, he did try to get his players to think about Colorado's Bob Anderson, the Big Eight total offense leader who had been averaging 219 7 yards a game. "The motto for the week," Rodgers said, "was 'Rush hard.'" And the Jayhawks did, holding Anderson to his lowest yardage ever—40 yards passing and minus eight rushing Despite a steady cold rain, the Jayhawks ran for 428 yards, with the blocking of 267-pound Tackle Keith Christensen opening the way for the runners John Riggins, who ran for 162 yards, set up a field goal with a 63-yard sprint on the game's third play, then scored on bursts of 21 and eight yards as Kansas built a 27–0 lead

Missouri, which is also undefeated in conference play and which takes on the Jayhawks November 23, scored 21 points in a 5 18 span in the first half as the Tigers eased by Oklahoma State 42–7. Kansas State's Mack Herron returned the second-half kickoff 100 yards against Oklahoma to tie the score at 14–14, but then the Sooners got two quick touchdowns and went on to a 35–20 victory Ernie Sigler of Nebraska connected on eight straight passes en route to a 24–13 win for the Huskers over Iowa State.

Undefeated Ohio U had surprising troubles with Western Michigan The Bobcats met with no problems scoring, but Western Michigan kept coming back until Quarterback Cleve Bryant eased the tension with a one-yard touchdown plunge that put Ohio ahead 34–27. It also clinched a tie for the Mid-American title and a trip to the Tangerine Bowl December 27 to play the Southern Conference champion Miami of Ohio got a scare, too, before it managed to beat Toledo 21–17 It was all fun and games, however, for Bowling Green as Tailback Fred Mathews ran for four touchdowns against Marshall. The Falcons won 54–28

Memphis State took over the lead in the Missouri Valley, beating Tulsa 32–6, while Louisville, half a game behind, defeated Kent State 23–9

SOUTH

1 TENNESSEE (5-0-1)
2. GEORGIA (5-0-2)
3 AUBURN (5-2)

Football rivalries being what they are, fans as well as players often spend all week preparing for games. Thus it was that no one was startled when a plane flew low over the LSU campus and air-dropped leaflets referring to the Tigers as "Pussycats," and told them bluntly to "Go to hell." They were signed "Johnny Reb." Emotions in Baton Rouge were further fanned as a tape and film were played throughout the week on radio and TV of Billy Cannon's 89-yard run that beat Mississippi 7–3 back in 1959 At the game itself in Baton Rouge rooting sections from both sides informed each other that they should take up residence in Hades, and once play began Ole Miss added injury to insult by knocking Tiger Quarterback Fred Haynes out of action. When the game—one of the most wide-open offensive battles ever between the two rivals—was over, Mississippi Coach Johnny Vaught referred to it as simply "the damnedest thing I've ever seen."

Ole Miss was led by a young sophomore, Archie Manning, whose 362 yards in total offense was the most ever against an LSU team Manning, who was on the mark with 24 of 40 passes, threw for a pair of touchdowns as the Rebels overcame a 17–3 LSU lead to outscore the Tigers 27–24 The first of Manning's scoring passes went 65 yards to Floyd Franks and his other went nine yards to Steve Hindman with 55 seconds left

Georgia players could be forgiven if they acted like so many Linuses who had at long last seen the Great Pumpkin, for the performance by Houston's Paul Gipson was, without a doubt, awe-inspiring "He's too good for college football," said one of the game's officials Good as he was—Gipson ran for 230 yards in 37 tries—the Bulldogs came back for 10 points in the fourth period to salvage a 10–10 tie, the final points coming on a 38-yard field goal by Jim McCullough with 12 seconds remaining

UCLA Coach Tommy Prothro said he was not too concerned about his game against Tennessee because he was more interested in subsequent ones against conference foes It was just as well, for the Volunteers had a cracking good time of it as they took care of the Bruins 42–18. They had a 35–0 lead before Mickey Cureton ran back a kickoff 99 yards for a touchdown Pittsburgh's Dave Hart would be happy with a win of any sort Alas, Miami disposed of the Panthers 48–0 as David Olivo made good on 16 of 23 passes—10 in a row at one stage—and Jim Huff kicked two field goals and five extra points "I guess," said Hart sarcastically, "their kicker needed the practice."

Auburn took over first place in the Southeastern Conference, battling back to defeat Florida 24–13 as Loran Carter passed for three touchdowns Alabama scored four of the first five times it had the ball, but as Coach Bear Bryant put it, "If the defense hadn't rose up, we'd have been beaten." The defense rose up just enough to give the Tide a 20–13 victory over Mississippi State Vanderbilt beat Tulane 21-7 behind the passing of John Miller

North Carolina State came within 53 seconds of wrapping up the Atlantic Coast Conference title only to have Clemson score, and the Tigers' 24–19 win gave them a 2-0-1 conference record and first place Even Tiger Coach Frank Howard, who says that if fans are interested in passing they should go to basketball games, had to admit that forward passing was not all that bad as his Billy Ammons' tosses highlighted the winning 69-yard drive.

Spectacular individual offensive performances also led Wake Forest and South Carolina to ACC wins. Quarterback Freddie Summers of the Deacons accounted for 310 yards on offense, including a 90-yard touchdown gallop, as Wake Forest defeated Maryland 38–14. Virginia was upset by the Gamecocks 49–28 as Tommy Suggs passed for five touchdowns. Independent Georgia Tech was surprised by Duke 46–30 when Phil Asack ran for three scores

Virginia Tech stole six passes, recovered a Florida State fumble and converted those plays into five touchdowns—one an 88-yard run by Ken Edwards—and a 40–22 win The Gobblers also managed to limit All-America Flanker Ron Sellers to four receptions.

Richmond came within a stitch of sewing up the Southern Conference championship, beating VMI 35–0 behind the passing of Buster O'Brien. To win the title the Spiders need only to defeat William and Mary in their final game The Indians kept in shape by stopping Villanova 33–12, while The Citadel beat Davidson 28–21 and East Carolina finished off Furman 24–13 **END**

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK. Columbia Quarterback Marty Domres completed 26 of 44 passes for 396 yards and three touchdowns, scored once and set four Ivy League records, including one for 447 yards in total offense, as the Lions beat Cornell

THE LINEMAN: End Mike Radtke of Ohio State made the big last-quarter plays against Michigan State Overall, he caused Quarterback Bill Triplett to fumble twice, dropped him for a 14-yard loss and was in on 10 tackles.

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PEOPLE

Dr. Luis Walter Alvarez, physicist at the University of California at Berkeley, devised the first foul-weather landing system for airplanes, did studies on advanced systems of measurement by light rays, has worked on methods of exploring the pyramids by cosmic ray, helped to develop the atomic bomb and, the press tells us, has made contributions "to the physics of subatomic particles and to the techniques for their detection." For this sort of thing, specifically the last-mentioned work, he was recently awarded the 1968 Nobel Prize in physics. Regrettably, no mention was made in the official citation of Dr. Alvarez' breakthrough of 1953, his invention of an electronic indoor golf trainer that enabled the golfer to tell just how the head of his club was traveling.

◆ A short time ago Mert Silbar, a friend of **Denny McLain**, was telling him about the Southeast Denver Little League. Parents had pleaded for, and received, an unused, weedy lot from the local bank and had laboriously raised $15,000 to turn it into a Little League park. Now nearby residents were complaining about the noise and had launched an appeal to get the park zoned out of existence. Silbar was stunned when McLain promptly asked if he could speak for the park at the hearing. Though in the middle of his nightclub tour as an organist, McLain flew from Grand Rapids to Denver, addressed the hearing and flew right back to fulfill an engagement. The nine-hour, 2,172-mile trip was not only made at McLain's own expense, he had even chartered a plane in case commercial airline connections proved too tight. Silbar was not surprised to learn later that McLain's father had founded the Little League in Denny's home town of Markham, Ill. "You have to stir up pretty profound feelings to get Denny McLain out of bed at 6 o'clock in the morning."

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◆

The **Shah of Iran**, an enthusiastic skier, has rented a hotel in St. Moritz for the last two seasons. He likes the hotel, but does want to make a few alterations. Now he has bought it for an estimated half million and is redecorating (that includes installation of a swimming pool and tennis court). Aristotle Onassis is not the only man around who can cope with life's little inconveniences.

◆ America is often criticized for her failure to appreciate great champions of foreign sports, so we hasten to honor England's **Ted Clift**, who has just taken a double first in the Smithfield Games. One was an easy win in the 200-meter beef-carcass-carrying race and the other a victory by eight harrow lengths in the 300-meter barrow-pulling speed trial (this last a new record). As at the Olympic Games, scandal loomed when the question was raised of Clift's eligibility for both the 160-pound hindquarter-of-beef carry and the 6-cwt. barrow-pull, the former being open to pitchers and pullers-back and the latter to porters. Clift was not registered as any of the three, but explained that he was a free-lance carrier, a man who carries, as a London paper explains, "anything that needs carrying." "Of course, you've got to keep pretty fit for this sort of thing," Clift confided modestly to his fans. "I run about 30 miles a week just to keep in trim."

A recent full-page ad in *Variety* read, in part, "Available for lectures, personal appearances, theatres, country fairs, arenas, colleges, universities, one-nighters." What show-biz personality has an act suitable for both universities and country fairs? **Muhammad Ali**, of course, further identified in the ad (in exceedingly small type) as Cassius Clay. Ali has a new manager, Richard Fulton, who runs a lecture bureau and books speaking engagements for such clients as Clive Barnes, theater critic for *The New York Times*, and David Brinkley. In a very short time he has signed Muhammad Ali for 10 or 15 lectures, mostly at colleges around the country. Ali, running ever truer to his new form, did turn down one engagement at the Apollo Theater in Harlem. "That would have paid him maybe 40 or 50 thousand dollars," Fulton says, "but there was a chance that his lecture would be preceded by an act with improperly dressed girls or something, and in his position as a minister he felt he couldn't accept."

The bow-and-arrow deer season has opened in the Sandia Mountains near Albuquerque, and among the 120 hunters who turned out for the first day was one **Bob Geronimo**, grandson of *the* Geronimo. Bob says that grandpa did his best work with a rifle rather than a bow, and apparently so does Bob—he returned from the hunt empty-handed.

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He rocks the boat with the old college try

Dick Motta, new coach of the struggling Chicago Bulls, may be fresh out of Utah's Weber State College, but he is no innocent. He has so much gall, in fact, that he has already put down some of the best big-time put-down artists

The New York night was smoky as always, fed with a chill and a smell around 34th Street that the New Boy in Town was not used to. He came out into it alone, across the street and down the block to Madison Square Garden, where a man in uniform held out his arm, barring entrance.

"You got a pass?" the man said.

"No, I'm the coach," the New Boy said.

"Yeah, and I'm the President of the United States," the guard said. "Get outta here."

"No, no. I'm *really* the coach," Dick Motta said.

With that, with three other guards coming over now to look him up and down, with minutes passing and everybody wondering, Dick Motta, the coach of the Chicago Bulls, was let in.

"I asked him after a few minutes, 'Hey, you really the coach?' " the guard said later. "He said he was. I figger anybody that has enough gall to say he is, must be. I let him go. He was O.K."

On that opening day of the season in New York, when a coffee-shop waiter told him to get his feet *off* the booth, when after the game another waiter told him to keep his sport coat *on* and still once more when a cab driver slipped him a counterfeit ten for change, the coach felt abused. He had come from a world of vast mountains and open valleys, where a man, even if he is a basketball coach, drives a pickup truck to work and hikes with the kids on weekends. Now he was in the land of concrete, amid bright lights and dark soot, and he was being pushed around by the little masters of the urban sneer.

Afterwards he talked about that first day. It was clear then that, in the bad moments as with the more important times inside on the courts, Dick Motta, the New Boy in the NBA, has enough gall. He will be O.K.

A short, freshly scrubbed and soft-spoken man of 36, Motta appears so young he could be the school crossing guard down the street. To the anticipation of absolutely nobody, he was plucked off the campus of little Weber State College in Ogden, Utah last summer to coach the Bulls after a series of circumstances at both ends—the Windy City and the Big Sky Country—had combined to make him eligible.

As an expansion team, Chicago had surprising success in the 1966-67 season when buddies Johnny Kerr and Al Bianchi coached the Bulls with a sort of Bobbsey Twins brilliance to a playoff berth. But neither coach got along with Dick Klein, a 6′ 8″ former center at Northwestern who is the general manager and part owner of the club. In his first two years at Chicago, Klein has acquired a notorious reputation as a meddler. He second-guessed his hirelings in the public prints often and was his own adviser when it came to trades, drafts and other policy matters. Almost always he sacrificed potential talent and player needs to the stress of dollars.

Following the first season Bianchi departed to coach Seattle while Kerr stayed on the next year and watched the Bulls lose 15 of their first 16 games. Relations between coach and owner became so cool that at one point Klein was sending notes to Kerr on the bench during a game and Kerr was tearing them up with a flourish. Kerr began dreaming of a better life in Phoenix, home of an expansion team.

Meanwhile, Motta, who had compiled an outstanding record at places like Grace (Idaho) High School and the Barksdale (La.) Air Force Base before winning 169 games in eight years at Weber State, was realizing the full limitations a small pond necessarily imposes upon a big frog. The school's athletic administration was changing, more recruits were being lost to big schools and his salary was not getting any higher. Moreover, Motta was beginning to wake up to the possibility that he *was* as good as people were saying. The job of coach of the Chicago Bulls was offered to him three times and it was turned down three times. Then, convinced, he signed a two-year contract at a considerable increase in pay.

Persons on the fringe of basketball had never heard of Motta, but Klein, for all his shortcomings, knew what Motta could do. "A team reflects its coach," he said. "Dick's teams were well-drilled, they knew what they were doing, they worked hard and they played rough. We were delighted to get him."

Despite such praise, Klein was still not giving Motta, the first man since New York's Eddie Donovan in 1961 (and one of only a few in history) to come into the NBA without any prior pro experience, much maneuvering room. Even before the first game of the season, Klein gave up a good playmaking guard, Keith Erickson, to the Lakers for Erwin Mueller, a forward Klein had traded off once before. Klein did not consult Motta on the deal, and the fact that he could have obtained Baltimore's Gus Johnson for Erickson even up forced the relationship onto rocky ground.

"The deal came up quickly," says Klein. "Dick hadn't seen either our man or their man, so how could he know?"

"We made an agreement when I was hired," said Motta, "that the three of us—Klein, the scout Jerry Krause and myself—would discuss all trades and draft choices, and that sounded good to me. Then I hear about the first trade from one of my players. Hell, it wasn't the individuals so much, it was the way Klein handled it.

"I know everyone thinks I was just brought in as a pawn to be led to the slaughter by Klein," Motta added.

"Well, he's not running this team. He hasn't tried to tell me how to coach, and as long as he doesn't interfere, we'll be D.K. He knows that the first time he knocks me in the papers, he's going to get it right back. I think he's trying hard to let me do my job."

A conversation that took place before Chicago's opening game probably helped in establishing boundaries.

Klein "If we win tonight, I'd like to give the team a steak dinner after the game. It might keep them together."

Motta "That might be nice, if the players haven't other plans. Are you coming in before the game? Do you talk to them at the first game?"

Klein "I usually do, but I've found it probably doesn't help, and it may hurt. The way I feel this year I could really get excited in there. You know, a Notre Dame pep talk."

Motta "Yes, well, we don't give pep talks, don't do that. I think a steak dinner after they win sounds better."

Klein "I think so too. I'll stay out."

Motta made a thorough study of the team and pro ball before he took the job and moved his wife and three small children to Northbrook in the Chicago suburbs. He was prepared. So were the players, who appreciated his emphasis on individual instruction and seemed impressed with his knowledge of the pro game. They respected Motta.

"He has an indirect way of telling you something and still getting it across," says Jim Washington. "It's impossible to make 12 guys on a club happy. There isn't that much playing time. But with this man, everybody knows where he stands and why he is or isn't playing. Dick lets us know."

The 7′ rookie centers, Tom Boerwinkle and Dave Newmark, served together as Motta's pet project in the preseason rookie camp. Both were put through extensive weight training and muscle-building drills that trimmed 30 pounds of fat off Boerwinkle and added strength and stamina to Newmark. Observers who had seen the two in college last year were shocked by the transformations. Boerwinkle is much quicker than he was a year ago, if Newmark stops counting his money and improves his attitude, the two can become the Fee Fi and Fo Fum of the Chicago attack.

With the exception of the potential of the young giants and the consistent All-Star performances of Jerry Sloan, the Bulls have nothing much to look forward to. In the Western Division they may be hard pressed to beat out Seattle for a playoff spot. Nevertheless, Motta already has impressed veteran NBA people by his performance on the bench, his savvy and skill in handling substitutions, time-outs, matchups and the other, more esoteric elements of game strategy. He insists he has been surprised by nothing so far and that the atmosphere isn't any different from college.

"It's the same game, that's all," he says. "Just one thing bothers me—the attitude in the league toward new people. The feeling is always there. 'You're a rookie. Stay in your place. Don't rock the boat.' It seems they don't want new blood. I get it from coaches, players, referees, everybody. They're always testing me. It isn't that awfully hard in this league. It isn't that different. We don't have the best club, but I'll be O.K. if I can keep some fragments of sanity. Klein's trying to stay away. I know he is. If he lets me alone we'll be fine."

Motta's first trips around the league, accompanied by the red-haired young trainer, Jerry McCann—an amusing man and fine companion—have been entertaining and interesting. Still, there is the feeling that probably Motta misses the college life. The route to a major school's coaching job would be considerably shorter from Chicago than from Ogden, that may have been a factor in his accepting the job, and a big university may be his eventual destination.

For now it is the one-night stand, the hotel lobby, and the late hamburger. "You know?" he said not long ago, "we play away on Christmas Day." Dick Motta suddenly looked as though he had just become aware of what the words meant. "Cincinnati on Christmas Day," he said. Don't bet the Bulls will lose it. This new pro has a way of giving the game the old college try. **END**

DICK MOTTA, HARDLY A RETIRING VIDLET, MAKES—BUT DOES NOT SCORE—A POINT

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BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

It's a question of questions

One of the reasons why contract bridge is the most challenging of all card games is that after you have learned how there is still the problem of when. And where. And why. To the avid student, learning the answer to "why" can be the most revealing method of instruction. Here, for example, is a hand that turns out to be a complete question box. But if you ask yourself the right questions you are very likely to come up with the right answers.

South opened with one no trump and North knew at once that game should be bid because his total of 11 high-card points guaranteed that his side held more than the 26 combined points needed. His Stayman bid of two clubs explored the possibility of a heart fit, and when South bid hearts North jumped to game in the suit. But even though the combined North-South total was 29 points, including two for distribution, this was no guarantee that a game bid would succeed, especially if declarer were guilty of less-than-perfect play.

South began well enough when he declined to cover the opening lead with dummy's queen of diamonds. If West were leading from the king, there would be time enough later to play toward dummy's queen, and a diamond trick would be lost in any case.

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH
♠ K 4 3
♥ Q 10 9 2
♦ Q 5 4 3
♣ A 7

WEST
♠ J 7 5
♥ k 4
♦ J 10 9 8
♣ Q 9 5 4

EAST
♠ Q 10 8 6 2
♥ 7 6 3
♦ k
♣ J 10 6 3

SOUTH
♠ A 9
♥ A J 8 5
♦ A 7 6 2
♣ K 8 2

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 N.T.	PASS	2 ♣	PASS
2 ♥	PASS	1 ♥	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead jack of diamonds

When East played the king of diamonds South had reason to congratulate himself. He needed only two diamond tricks to insure his game even if the heart finesse failed. So he grabbed the diamond ace, crossed to the ace of clubs and led the 10 of hearts for a trump finesse that might provide an overtrick if it succeeded. Unfortunately for South, the finesse lost. Back came the 10 of diamonds. South saw no point in holding up dummy's queen. West could simply continue the suit. East trumped the queen of diamonds, and although declarer was later able to ruff his losing club, he could not avoid losing two more diamond tricks and his contract.

"I shouldn't have taken the heart finesse," South mourned. "But the safety play—ace and another heart—doesn't work either. East still has a trump to ruff out the queen of diamonds."

"But you could have made it," his partner countered, "if you had ruffed out your third club and dummy's third spade before you led the ace and another heart. Then, when East trumped the diamond queen, no matter what he returned you would have been able to discard one of the diamond losers from one hand while you ruffed in the other. That way, you'd have got the trick back."

"True," South admitted. "But suppose somebody had held four trumps to the king. That line of play would have cost the contract."

Nevertheless, South had given the contract away by not asking himself why and how before he played to the very first trick. Why had East played the king of diamonds? Obviously because it was a singleton. How could South insure the contract in that case? The answer: let the king of diamonds hold the first trick. Declarer can then afford to take the trump finesse. If it loses, West can return a diamond and East can ruff. But South does not have to play a high diamond from either hand on the trick East ruffs. He collects his two high diamonds later, losing only two diamonds (including a ruff) and a heart to make his contract. END

September 4, 1968

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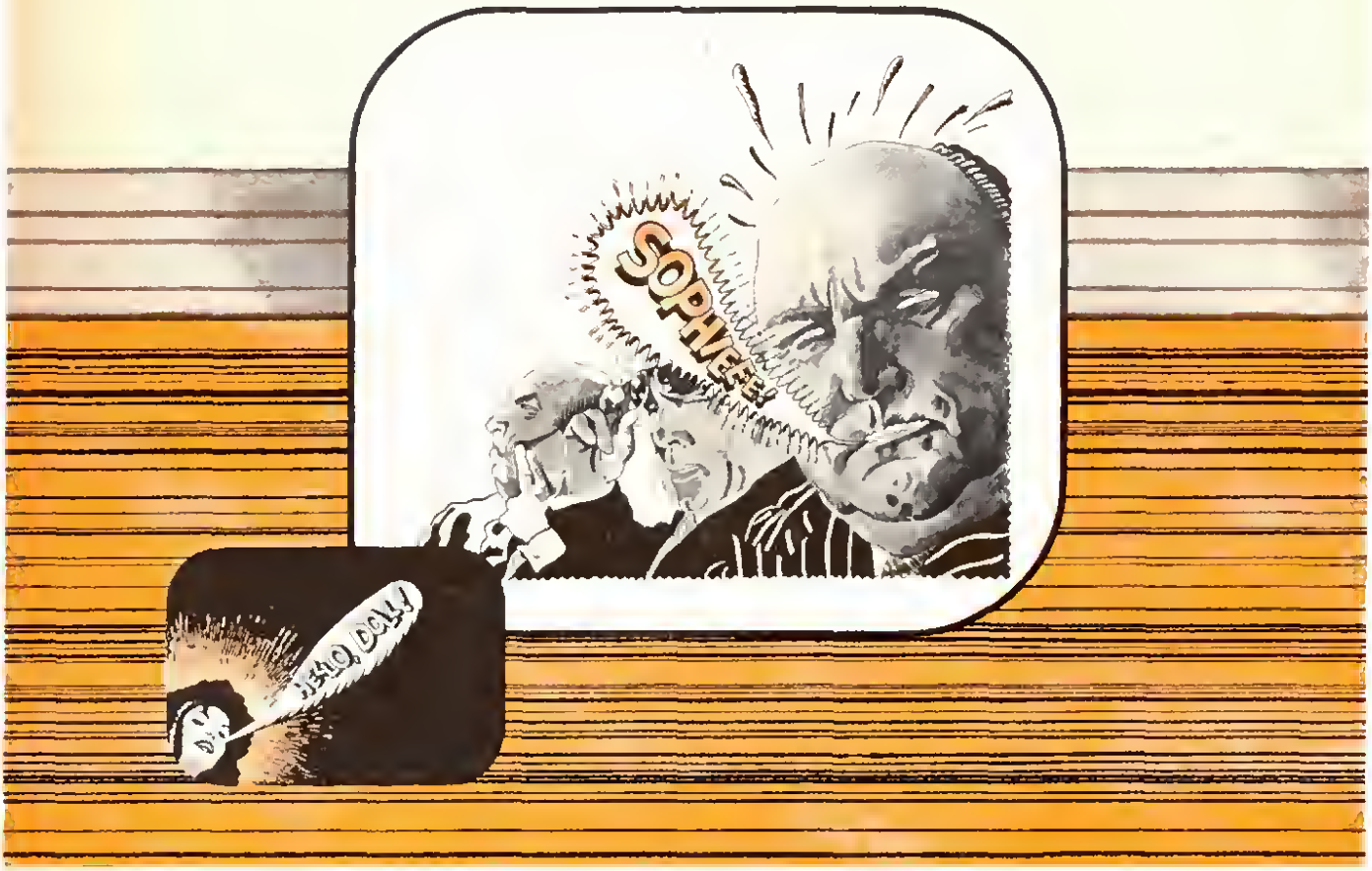
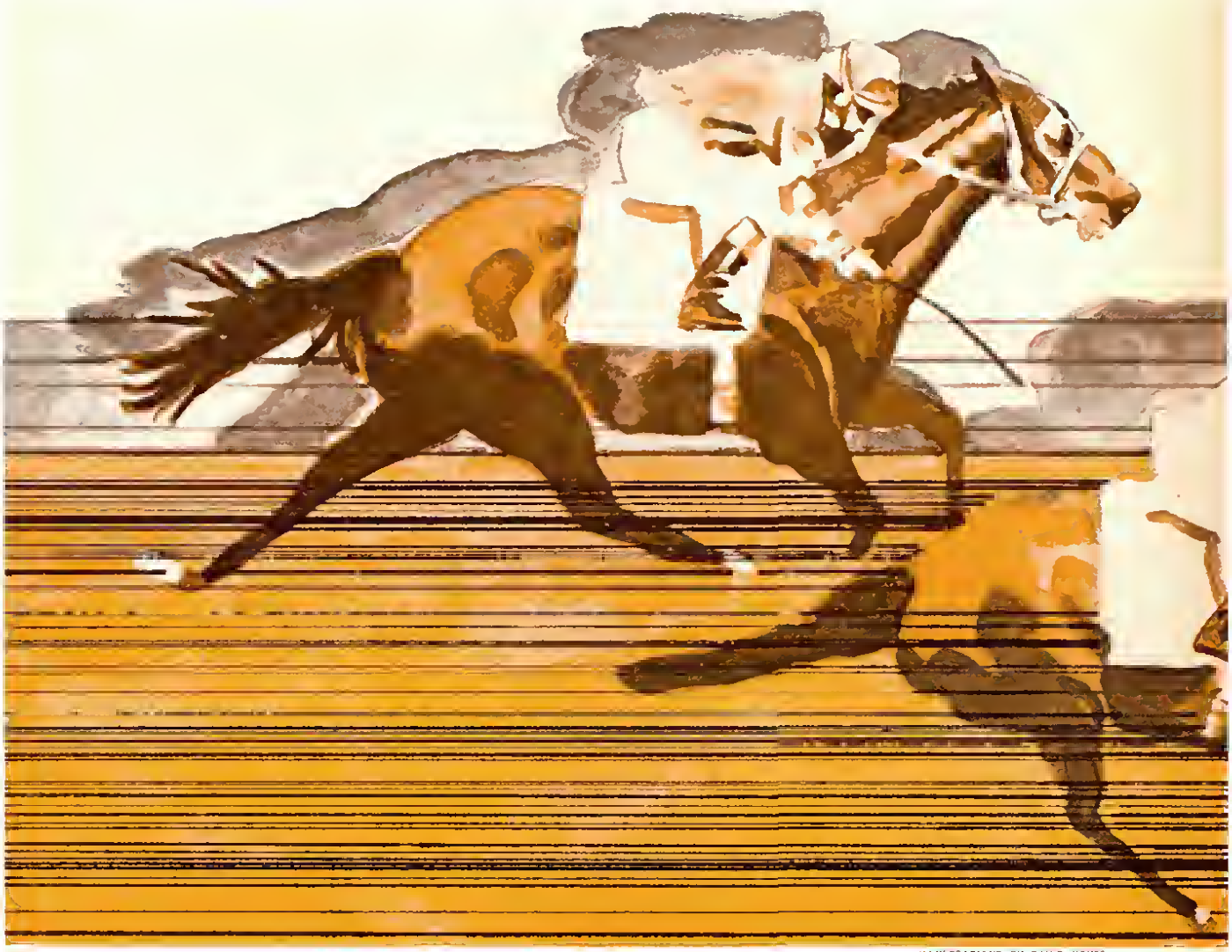
The Mafia at Saratoga



The goal of horse racing is breeding for excellence, and it is a goal often achieved The bloodlines of horseplayers are less consistent Even at hallowed Saratoga the fancy ranges from aristocrats to $2 bettors and sometimes it has a salty seasoning of toughs. Meet Sal, Rocco, Vinnie—and a strong-minded dame named Sophie **By Sam Toperoff**



ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID NOYES

In August all Thoroughbred racing in New York moves out of the city, north to Saratoga, so the only "wheel in town" is 190 miles out of town. If you drive 70 mph in a big car at 3 o'clock in the morning to beat the traffic, you can make it easily in three hours as advertised. For me the trip was over five hours.

Saratoga in 1966 was not Saratoga of the '20s. The fine hotels—the United States, Congress Hall, Grand Union, the American-Adelphi—all were gone or unrecognizable. The gambling casinos had been closed for years; the "fast" women were either spoken for or dead; the spas barely believed in themselves anymore.

No, Saratoga in 1966 was not the Saratoga of the '20s—it was not even the Saratoga of the '50s. In the '50s the shopping center hadn't yet been built, or the motels on Broadway. The grandstand at the track hadn't been refurbished yet, nor thousands of new seats added to handle the large crowds up from New York City.

continued

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Mafia at Saratoga

continued

The superhighway extension from Albany didn't exist. And the magnificent Saratoga Performing Arts Center hadn't even been foaled.

Convention Hall had seen too many wrestling matches, pathetic prizefights, rock 'n' roll shows, yet Saratoga in 1966 remained an estimable place in August. It is still deciduous, and when it blooms in August there is still the same sort of pure excitement that has always been generated by racing. The repairs and additions to the grandstand, the fresh paint, the new escalators, the greatly emphasized publicity of the meeting back in New York City, none of these had destroyed the essence of the finest racing in the U.S. No, the track and the town were not quite what they had been, but the essence had remained pure.

Woodlawn Park, near the center of the village, was lush with willows and grassy knolls that overlap a placid lake. The rustle of leaves, the buzz of insect and chirp of bird, these are in this ancient park, Muses for the fanciful handicapper. Pull out the day's card and search for inspiration, generations of fanciful handicappers have since Aug. 3, 1863.

The streets of the town are well-shaded and broad, with wide stretches of lawn between the sidewalks and the curbs. Lillian Russell and Diamond Jim Brady had only just gone on ahead. The houses are Victorian—wooden, stately, many-gabled. In August, Saratoga really smells. A delicious combination of ripe land odor mixes with rich water vapor, minted hedges, perfumed ladies, horse liniment and road apples. There's no other smell in America quite like it.

"The race is not always to the swift," my mother told me as a child, quoting an unfamiliar source. The drivers behind me on the road to Saratoga didn't share her wisdom. When those cars that had been pinched off cut into the passing lane and roared by, women glared, children stuck out tongues and men made gestures I chose (and still choose) not to interpret literally. Then both lanes became jammed and traffic crept.

A black limousine rolled alongside. Windows closed. Air-conditioned. It hung next to me for a moment, and then a window slipped down with automatic stealth. A pasta face came out. "Dis da right way for da track?"

I don't know what comes over me when I speak to this type, but I slip easily into a low-down Brooklynese. "Yeah," I said.

"How far?"

"Hour maybe."

"T'anks. Maybe we'll see ya dere. Better hurry if ya don' wanna miss da double."

He wasn't telling me anything I didn't know. In the cool dark of the limousine I could make out two other pasta-faced men. They pored over *Morning Telegraphs*. Even the driver had one folded over the steering wheel. On the far side, in the rear, was a dark, stone-faced woman with a look of the most perfect ennui I had ever seen. She must have said something because the fat man at the window turned and said, "Shut up, Sophie." The traffic in the other lane broke suddenly. The driver hit the gas, and the car slipped away as though Saratoga were downhill.

I pushed on. Past Albany. Onto the new highway spur to Saratoga. The early-morning cloud cover had burned off, it was a remarkably beautiful summer day in New York state. I turned off the parkway; cars were backed up all the way to the track. Twenty thousand people had the same idea. Slowly I passed by the National Museum of Racing. In it is a print of the first flat races on Hempstead Plain in 1665. Jockeys' silks 100 years old line the walls. In the museum's racing Hall of Fame names of illustrious horses and trainers and jockeys are inscribed on simple plaques, some are shown in paintings, some in photographs. Distorted paintings of the great match races in American history capture driving finishes: jockeys strain up the horses' necks and are simultaneously slashing at the flanks, the horses purse their lips and their eyes glare. Each morning during the Saratoga meeting the previous day's patrol film is shown in a small screening room open to the public. This museum, this track, this town, are the navel of Thoroughbred racing in the U.S. Close to it again, I felt more the man of quality.

Near the track a cop had stopped the lane of traffic I was in, favoring a line of buses coming from another direction. The fine, distinctive smell of Saratoga filled my hot little car. The driver directly behind me, an American Gothic from Utica in an old Ford, leaned on his rasping horn, and the cop penalized all of us another two minutes.

The parking lots at Saratoga have high hedges, grassy clumps, stately trees and—in this instance—no parking spaces. I wound through and around row after row of automobiles. Sweat. I'd probably missed the double and I understood why the Greeks considered death a release. The very moment the pressure of the double was lifted I found a beautiful parking spot between a hedge and an elm, shaded and scented.

The track was jammed, as it is each Saturday in August. Lots of people up from the city. Lots of rustics, too. There were no seats in the grandstand, no seats in the clubhouse, no reserved seats anywhere. No seats. People milled about. Many sat in lightweight lawn chairs that they had brought with them. The sharpie-rube mixture of the small town "carny" seemed to be everywhere. The only seats were on shaded benches behind the

continued

The Author: Sam Toperoff occasionally slips over to Roosevelt Raceway to watch the trotters and pacers, because Roosevelt is near Hofstra University, where he teaches English, but he much prefers the Thoroughbreds. He's been addicted to them and to basketball since he was a kid in Queens, N.Y.

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Mafia at Saratoga

continued

grandstand. You could see just about as much of the races from the parking lot, but a bench would be a useful base of operations, at least.

In the saddling area large old elms stand with wineglass grace. They're spaced with random symmetry, and there is enough room for each horse in even a large field to circle at the foot of an elm without disturbing any other horse. Numbers are nailed on each tree, and the horse with the matching saddle number is led to his elm and walked easily about or near it before a race.

Dirt circles in the grass are trails where generations of Thoroughbreds—some great, some poor, some lucky, some tragic—have left their hoof marks.

Handicappers, bettors and esthetes ring the horses, closer to this preliminary stage of the ritual than at any other major American track. The trainer and owner form the hub of the circle. Often a jockey will arrive and complete the human racing trinity.

The horse is saddled. He stands like a French garden, manicured but still natural; then the saddlecloth with his number is thrown on, and he is transformed into a racehorse. But his natural essence is not tainted when the number goes on; whatever he does, he does for himself. A call to the paddock, and everyone—spectator, trainer, owner, handler, jockey and horse—moves leisurely toward the walking ring. In the ring the horses are paraded, mounted, paraded again and led by the red-coated outriders along an old path around the clubhouse and onto the track. I knew a man who would never bet a horse with untrimmed chin whiskers, here the horses are so close this silly fact can be easily determined. At Saratoga, there is much more than mere running. There's racing, with an ease and tradition worthy of the horse and his parents.

Post time for the first race at Aqueduct was 1:30; I had forgotten that at Saratoga it was 2 p.m. A reprieve. Still time to make the double. In front of me on line was Sophie, the dark lady from the air-conditioned limousine. She was 40ish, shapely in a very muscular way, dressed in tight-fitting basic black. Lots of dark lace and lots of black net. Her behind was very full and very high, like an old steeplechaser's. She carried a furled black umbrella that was so thin and tightly wound it was a scientific marvel. She used it for support, which was quite superfluous, since she stood on legs with calves and thighs too thick to be well constrained by black net stockings. She might have been working the Rue St. Denis.

"Hi, handsome. long time no see," she said through thin lips painted cupid's-bow thick. Her ennui had lifted without leaving a trace.

"Hello, Sophie."

"Hey. How'd you know my name? Did I ever do any business with you or something?"

"No, no, I just heard someone call you Sophie when you went by in the car before."

"Wow, some memory." A strand of her blue-black hair, which hung down in thick Sicilian ringlets, fell over her eye, and Sophie tucked it away demurely with stubby fingers. "What's your line of work, doll?"

"I'm a teacher."

"Oh." It was a disappointed oh. "Not much money in that, doll."

"Yeah, that's true." How could I resist? "And what do you do, Sophie?"

A rough noise somewhere between a bellow and a roar. Sophie's laugh—sounded and then echoed back on itself. Heads snapped up. Every part of Sophie that wasn't cinched tight shook. When she finally spoke she was still laughing. "What do *I* do? Why, I'm a lady-in-waiting." Again the laughter built to a roar-bellow and slowly faded into something soft that was quite pleasant: "Actually—actually—I'm what you might call an engagement counselor. Get it?"

She had draped an arm around my neck. People were looking, and I was embarrassed. "Who do you like in the double?" I asked.

"Double, schmouble; I don't bet. That's for suckers. It's unsound business."

"Then how come you're in line?"

"Oh, I just bet for the boys. They're too fat and lazy. They just sit on their duffs and give me numbers to bet. But I wouldn't bet on a horse myself for love nor money." She caught her own joke and shook uproariously. "Betting is unsound business principles."

She ticked off hundreds of numbers at the window and put down hundreds of dollars. I bet three $2 doubles. When I had finished the brief transaction she was waiting for me. "Why don't you come over and meet the boys, doll? We're sitting out in the paddock."

"Me, too."

They all had the fat, swarthy look of men in the rackets. "Hey, handsome, what's your name?" Sophie asked.

"Jerry," I lied.

"Jerry, this is Sal. " A fat, bald man in a dark checkered suit. "This is Rocco. " A fat, bald, Tony Galento-type in a dark-blue suit. "And this here is Vinnie. " A fat man in a black suit.

"Hi," they each said, absently but cheerfully enough.

"Hey, where's Tootsie?" Sophie screeched.

"Here, he's right here," said Sal. A tiny, mean-looking Pekingese leaped out from behind Sal but was caught up abruptly by a rhinestone-studded leash and was whipped to the ground yelping. "Oh, Tootsie, what have these awful men done to you?" Motherhood salved the dog with each word. Sophie rescued Tootsie and stroked him. "Baby, my baby," she said with each stroke. Tootsie looked up sadly; brown jelly hung in the corners of his eyes, his tongue fell limp against a protruding tooth. When her maternalism was spent Sophie turned on Sal and screamed, "He's not supposed to be tied up, he's a lapdog!"

"Lapdog," Sal repeated. "We didn't

continued

Mafia at Saratoga

continued

have nothin' for him to lap." The three men laughed rudely. Sophie went to hit Sal with her umbrella but checked her rage and returned to stroking Tootsie.

"Ya got da tickets?" Sal asked in a way which suggested that in the past she had not.

"Here." Sophie handed the pile to Sal, who redistributed the daily-double tickets.

I sat down on the end of the bench that Sal had occupied alone. Sophie, after I was seated, squeezed between the two of us. She continued to stroke Tootsie and make reassuring sounds.

"Ya want me to bet somethin' for ya?" Sal asked Sophie.

"You know I don't bet," she said. "Unsound business."

"I'll bet anyway. For you," he explained, trying to placate her.

"No. Don't bother. You boys go and do what you have to. I'll just read." She pulled a *New Yorker* out of her bag and dismissed us—I was now one of her naughty boys—with a wave of her hand.

I went over to the walking ring. The horses hadn't yet moved there from the saddling area. I knew what horse I was going to bet. I leaned on the rail, gazed up and tried to decide if the sky was uniformly blue. It wasn't. The horses arrived. They seemed nervous and transmitted the jitters to each other with choppy hoofbeats and swishing tails. Viewed from the rear, a Thoroughbred creates a definite hauteur—the sheer height, the tapering from the buttock through the hock to the pastern. From this same point of view the walking action is seen to be relieved occasionally by a graceless shuffle. They moved like that. Trainers talked down to jockeys, who in turn looked up while they nervously tapped their legs with their whips.

It struck me how finely dressed the women in the walking ring were. Straw hats and predominantly pinks and pale blues and greens. How fair-haired and lovely, even the girls in high-heeled shoes, like yearlings, unsure of their feet on grass. And the natural assurance of all of them, as though they'd been bred for show. They weren't pretty but went, somehow, beyond prettiness. The men were shaking hands, none of them fat or loud or jerky. You could see their shoes were really expensive. And the horses, more assured in their nervousness, more fashionable, more expensive than anything around. Only Thoroughbred horses at Saratoga can attract this kind of patronage. A bowling tournament just couldn't do it.

Then the horses were paraded onto the track. A fast-breaker named City Water held on to win. I didn't have the winner. Sal and Rocco and Vinnie thumbed through their pari-mutuel packets and discovered that they didn't have City Water in any of their doubles. Sal and Vinnie accepted the harsh fact easily enough. Rocco suspected a fix.

"It's a bad business," Sophie said when she got the news. "This guy who writes this 'Talk of the Town,' he sure has a way with words," she added as a perfect sequitur.

Rocco, suddenly perspiring all over, shouted, "Shut up, Sophie!" And Sophie obediently hushed. Tootsie's eyes had saddened and filled with more brown jelly. Sophie threw herself into her *New Yorker*. Rocco wasn't finished. "Dat's all we ever hear from her. Bad business, bad business. She got a one-track mind, an' I'm sick of it." The insults seemed to affect Tootsie more than Sophie. Tootsie growled meanly.

"Enough," Sal said. Rocco continued, when Sal said "enough" a second time it was enough.

The first race set the pattern for the day. None of us had any winners. By the seventh race Sal had tapped out. He'd lost hundreds. Sophie hadn't finished reading her "Talk of the Town." "Sophie," Rocco said, without picking his head out of his *Telegraph*, and snapping his fingers impatiently, "give me 50 bucks." Sophie hadn't said anything since Rocco had denounced her.

"No," said Sophie without looking up.

Rocco got up and cuffed her, his cupped hand making a chilling, painful noise and bringing a drop of blood to Sophie's ear. Tootsie whined. Sophie's face set with her lower lip thrust painfully forward. I knew I wasn't watching *Saratoga Trunk*; Rocco wasn't Gary Cooper and Sophie wasn't Ingrid Bergman, but I wasn't walking out either.

Sal stood up and moved between the belligerents. "I said *enough*," he said again. A black-mascara tear moved slowly from the corner of Sophie's carefully drawn eye, down her cheek, over her jaw, down her neck, over her chest and into black cleavage.

Rocco backed off: "I meant she should lend it to me, not give it. I'd pay her back at the apartment."

The three men, I noticed, were all wearing white-on-white shirts. I remembered the punch line of a joke: "These days you can't be too white."

Where did Vinnie fit into this hierarchy of corruption, I wondered? "Here, here's da money. Take it," he said to Rocco. And I knew.

Rocco took the 50 and said to Sophie with the tenderness of a very cruel man, "C'mon, Sophie, dis is da feature, a fifty-t'ousand-dollar race." His sentiment had no demonstrable effect. The race, The Alabama, was very old and, as a result, respected. It is a stakes race for 3-year-old fillies.

Now the thought intruded. And where was I in this hierarchy of corruption? "Who da ya like?" Sal said to me.

"Prides Profile," I answered, and I suspected Sal was also wondering where I fitted.

"Yeah," he said thoughtfully, "she got a chance, but da favorite beat her last time out." The favorite was Lady Pitt, the 8-to-5 choice in the morning line.

"Yeah," I said, not wishing to contradict the man who could silence Rocco, "but in dat race Lady Pitt let Prides Profile use herself fightin' for da lead. Today,

continued

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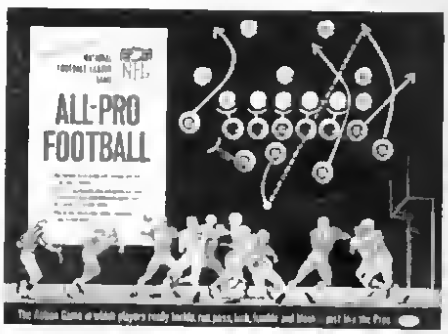

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Mafia at Saratoga

continued

Prides Profile can make her own pace."

"No, it's da favorite," Rocco said firmly. Vinnie nodded and shrugged at me, making their choice unanimous.

"Let's see a program," said Sophie, and her words fell with such impact that everyone froze. "Let's see a program already," she repeated, and I handed her mine. She put aside her Tootsie and her *New Yorker*, flipped on a pair of sequined glasses and stared coldly at each of the entries. "Here, bet this on Natashka for me. Number two." She pulled four crisp $50 bills out of her bag. She was serious. She wanted me to bet $200 on Natashka for her.

"Put dat away," Rocco told her.

"Take it," Sophie said to me.

"Put dat away," Rocco repeated.

"Go ahead and bet it for her," Sal decided. And I did. Rocco muttered. Vinnie crossed, uncrossed and recrossed his legs.

I got on the $100 line for the first time in my life. All I could think of was that I, thought by many to be a responsible teacher at a fairly respectable university, was in fact running bets for a —a—what?

Rocco and Vinnie tapped out on Lady Pitt, sure that she'd win.

When I brought Sophie her tickets Rocco was riding her unmercifully. Sophie lost control: "Shut up you, you . . . ." She fished for a word but hooked nothing. "I know what I'm doing. I'm over 21. . . ."

Rocco interrupted with a remark I didn't get, but Vinnie laughed.

"I earn my money myself," she continued, "and I can spend it like I want. So let me be. I know what I'm doing. Just let me be." Sophie was almost sobbing.

We got ready to go out and watch the race. The horses were just reaching the track. Sophie had regained most of her composure and was scratching Tootsie with one hand and leafing aimlessly through her *New Yorker* with the other. "Your horse is 5 to 2 now, Sophie," I said, and left her to take my position at the head of the stretch.

Prides Profile didn't break very well, but soon she got to the lead. She appeared to be running easily. Lady Pitt and Natashka were content to trail. Down the backstretch they slowly and carefully improved their positions. The field turned for home. For a moment, at the very head of the stretch, the three horses—Prides Profile, Natashka and Lady Pitt, from the rail outward—were running as a single horse. The early fractions had not been really fast, so I expected Prides Profile to have some sort of finishing kick. Suddenly she stopped, and I was whipped. The remaining two were strong and ran on as a matched pair. It was hard to tell from where I stood, but Lady Pitt seemed to have slightly the better of it through the stretch. The photo-finish sign flashed. A couple of minutes passed, the horses were unsaddled and the jockeys weighed out. The mixed crowd of sharpies and rubes waited nervously. Waited quietly. A roar. Lady Pitt, the favorite, went up on the board.

Many in the crowd started to have the feeling that they wanted to go. The bitter people up from the city vowed to stay to the end. The sun had softened considerably, I noticed. Poor Sophie. Then the track announcer's high-pitched "Please hold all tickets. In this race there is a stewards' inquiry against Lady Pitt, number four, for alleged interference with Natashka, number two, through the stretch." For a fraction of a second no reaction; then a contrapuntal cheer-groan. People ran all over the track in a peculiar stooped position, turning over pari-mutuel tickets on the ground, looking for a possible winner that might have been prematurely discarded.

Sophie was alone on her bench, reading her *New Yorker* without her glasses. Tootsie was stretched next to her, basking in perfumed shade. "You didn't throw your tickets away, did you?" I asked.

"Of course not. Who won?"

"Lady Pitt, but there's a stewards' inquiry."

"Oh."

"There's a good chance they'll take Lady Pitt down and put your horse up. This isn't just a jockey's objection, the stewards saw something wrong. When *they* make an inquiry, the horse comes down *seventy five percent* of the time."

"If I win, I win. Here comes that bum."

Rocco said Lady Pitt would stay up: "Da jockeys are told to objec' in a race for fifty t'ousand dollars." I might have corrected him about the source of the inquiry if Sal were around, but he wasn't, so I let it be.

Sal and Vinnie arrived with properly worried brows. When Rocco said, "Dere's nothin' to worry about, she'll stay up," they looked at each other with great weariness. The inquiry took a long time. At Aqueduct the alleged offender and the wronged party would have disappeared into the depths behind and beneath the paddock and been whisked up and away on private elevators to confront the judges and the patrol films of the race. At friendly Saratoga they must walk through the clubhouse to a small room located in the center of the grounds. They must ward off the questions and accusations of the patrons as best they can during the stroll and even after they arrive at the room and are waiting to be called in.

I remember an inquiry I had had to sweat out at Saratoga many years earlier. I had bet an 11-to-1 shot $10 to win. He crossed the line first, but when the jockeys came back with their horses another jockey claimed *foul against my boy*. I had chased after him and finally caught up with him outside the hearing room. He was an apprentice, 19 years old, and was waiting there nervously for the chance to tell his version of the story. His face was exactly that of a boy who had been caught smoking in the school bathroom, now he was waiting to see the principal. He was the dumbest boy in school, so he tried to look defiantly innocent, and he came

continued

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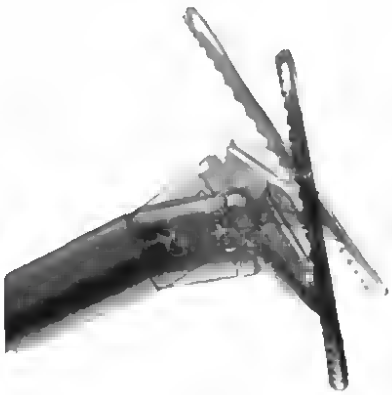

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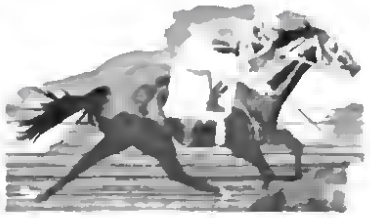

Mafia at Saratoga

off looking guilty of things he hadn't even done yet. His boot heel tapped uncontrollably. I asked him if he thought he'd be taken down. "Me? Take me down? Never. How can they? For what? There was no trouble out there. Not a bit of contact. *They* can dish it out, but when you give it back *they* cry like babies." (*They* were certain Latin jockeys, and the italics were his.)

"Well, I hope you stay," I said.

"You can bet I will," he said.

"I have. There's just the formality of a hundred-dollar payoff."

They took his number down, placed him last and gave him a 15-day suspension for "herding the field" at the head of the stretch. I wanted to wring his neck. He had much the best horse that day, too.

I was thinking back on that, when suddenly the track announcement came: "After viewing films on this race, the judges have disqualified number four, Lady Pitt, and placed her second for interference with number two, Natashka, through the stretch. Now the race is official, the winner is number two, Natashka. . . ."

Rocco tore up his tickets angrily and looked menacingly at Sophie.

"How much do I win, doll?" Sophie directed the question to me, excluding her other boy friends and bestowing on me her special favor.

"I'll have to see exactly what she paid, but you'll get around $600."

Rocco looked as if he'd kill me. And Sal looked as if he'd let him. Vinnie muttered, "What a lousy break."

"Including my original $200, doll?" When I told her "yes" she looked disappointed.

Rocco erupted: "Ya backed into da race in da fois' place, an' now yer complainin'."

Impulsively I leaped to Sophie's aid: "I'm sure the horse would have won if she didn't get interfered with. I saw her get bumped at the head of the stretch."

"Shut up, teacher," Rocco said.

"Let him be, Rocco, there ain't nothin' wrong wit' bein' a teacher," Sal said. "Besides, I want to know how come Sophie bets two bills on that particular horse in that particular race." It didn't take much perception to see why Sal was the brains of the outfit.

"Yeah, how come, Sophie?" Or why Vinnie was nothing.

"Listen, Sal," said Rocco, "I don't like dat teacher."

I didn't like Rocco, either; the difference was, however, that I hadn't planned to do anything about the situation.

"Here, doll, cash my tickets for me." The thought of Sophie handing tickets worth $600 to a perfect stranger, a schoolteacher, pushed Rocco to the brink. "Sal," Sophie said quickly, "you make Rocco behave or I don't tell you how I bet $200 on the first horse that I ever bet in my whole life." Sophie handed me the tickets. Sal put a restraining glance on Rocco. Rocco, without a sense of grace in defeat, threatened something like killing me if I didn't bring back all the money in a hurry.

As I walked away, I heard Vinnie ask, "Yeah, Sophie, how come you bet that particular horse?"

A great benefit of betting hundreds of dollars on a race is that when you collect there aren't many people ahead of you on line. The scene when I returned mirrored the startling changes of fortune. Sophie had a red pen in one hand and a program in the other. On the grass at her feet were Sal, Rocco and Vinnie. She might have been Sappho reading an esoteric bit of verse to some of her girls. She might have been Marie Curie delivering an impossibly complicated paper on radium transfer. She might have been Queen Bess charting an extremely subtle course of action for her ministers. Tootsie slept soundly in her lap, moaning dog-fears from time to time.

"Well, the race figured to be tough," she said, "and I was inclined not to bet it at all. At first. But I saw something on the program that was a sure sign."

continued

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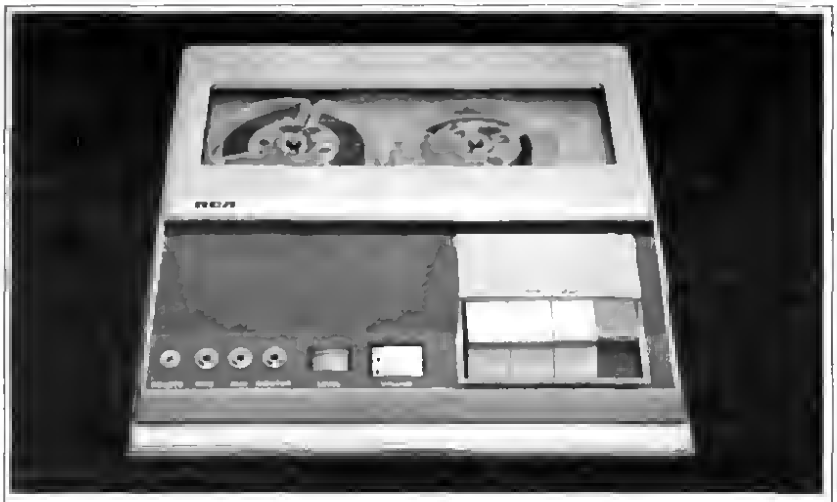

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Mafia at Saratoga

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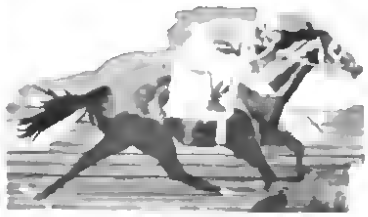

"What was it?" Vinnie burst, unable to contain himself.

"Who owns the horse, Rocco?" Sophie called on the student who was most often unprepared. Rocco pulled his program out of his pocket with great difficulty. He was nervous and in such a hurry that he tore a page in the process. "Some guy named Getty," he got out finally.

"Some guy named Getty," Sophie mocked. "And didn't you ever hear that name before?"

"No. Why should I of?"

"I did, I did," said Vinnie, lacking only a shiny apple. "He's like one of the richest men in the whole world. Made his money in oil, right?" Rocco glared at Vinnie.

"Right, and that's it."

"Dat's what?" asked Rocco, feeling cheated.

"Listen," she said, "when you bet you make an investment, don't you?"

Rocco grunted, "Yeah."

"Well, my only objection to betting horses was that I never thought it was a *smart* investment, but when I see a guy like Getty, well, I'll invest in him any time. It's sound business principles. Oil wells."

"You trying to say dat you bet two hundred bucks on da *owner*?" Rocco screamed. Sal looked thoughtful. Tootsie moaned. Vinnie nodded blankly.

"Sound business principles," Sophie repeated.

"But da horse backed in; she didn't even win it clean. What kind of system is dat?"

I gave Sophie $620.

"Thanks, doll," she said.

I stood silent. I certainly did not have the heart to let on that this was not the Getty Sophie thought it was. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL NBA It was a week of last-ditch victories BALTIMORE (8-11) beat the Warriors 112-110 on Earl Monroe's 28-footer with two seconds left CINCINNATI's 16-21 Oscar Robertson frustrated the Knicks by tossing in nine free throws in the final minute for a 118-114 win BOSTON (5-21) dumped them from first place in the East but beat the 76ers 118-99 with 52 shooting from the floor DETROIT (4-4) beat the Celtics 119-117 on Jimmy Walker's jump shot with nine seconds left PHILADELPHIA (3-4) lost to the Royals 119-113 as Robertson got seven points in the fourth period NEW YORK (4-6) one win was a steady performance 110-97 victory over the Warriors who also lost to MILWAUKEE (12-6) 102-101 on Guy Rodgers' four last-minute baskets PHOENIX (4-3) edged into first place in the West finishing the week with just one loss 121-100 to the Hawks who bowed 125-124 in second-place LOS ANGELES (4-4) thanks to Elgin Baylor's last second jump shot ATLANTA (4-4) clinched a 109-105 win over the Warriors on Joe Caldwell's last minute layup SAN DIEGO (3-3) moved into a three-way tie for second CHICAGO (4-5) lost a 20-point halftime lead but fought back to hand the Celtics their first defeat 103-97 SAN FRANCISCO (1-5) slid from first to fourth place with four straight losses SEATTLE (3-6) grabbed a win when Lenny Wilkens sank five foul shots in the last 90 seconds to beat the Bulls 101-95

ABA MINNESOTA (3-0) began its season auspiciously downing Miami 126-94 to gain first place in the Eastern Division KENTUCKY (4-2) which tied for last place last year moved into second as Dave Cowens scored 38 in a 123-100 win over the Rockets but had a four-game streak chopped by the Floridians 91-85 MIAMI (2-3) beat the Nets 111-110 on Les Hunter's free throw with seconds remaining NEW YORK (2-3) tied for third with a 108-89 runaway over the Rockets who also gave INDIANA (1-4) its first win of the season 122-100 OAKLAND (5-1) held a commanding lead in the West though it lost its first game, 124-119, to the Buccaneers HOUSTON (2-1) grabbed second place beating the Pacers 102-100 on Willie Somerset's basket with 43 seconds left NEW ORLEANS (1-2) tied in the Western Division last year rose to third place LOS ANGELES (1-2) won its only game by scoring six straight baskets to beat the Buccaneers 108-104 DALLAS (0-4) couldn't get untracked against the Mavericks losing its only game 108-90 and DENVER (0-4) which has yet to win, lost its four games by a total of 78 points

BOATING DON PRUETT of Miami won the sixth annual Bicentennial Miami Key West ocean powerboat race covering the 180 statute miles in three hours, 21 minutes, 10 seconds. Pruett piloted a 31-foot Bertram stern-driver, the *Yellow Formula*, powered by twin 475-hp Mercruiser engines.

BOWLING MIKE McGRATH, 22, of El Cerrito, Calif., totaled 9,271 pins for 40 games to win the $1,000 first prize in the Professional Bowlers Association's $30,000 Green Bay Open.

BOXING STANLEY (KITTEN) HAYWARD ranked sixth as a welterweight and fighting at a middleweight for the first time, upset former middleweight champ Emile Griffith, gaining a 10-round split decision. Hayward has now won 27, lost four and drawn three. Griffith is 56-9-1.

FOOTBALL NFL DALLAS (7-1) was calmly atop the Capitol Division. The Cowboys intercepted four passes in a 17-3 win over New Orleans (3-5). Earl Morrall, through, his counted thursday defense broke down behind GREEN BAY (3-4-1) Bart Starr, who threw four touchdown passes to give the Cowboys their first loss (28-17). CLEVELAND (5-3) held on in a tie for the Century Division lead by taking advantage of every opportunity in a 33-21 win at San Francisco (4-4). Milt Morin caught two touchdown passes and Don Cockroft kicked four field goals. ST. LOUIS (5-3) remained tied with Cleveland by handing hapless Philadelphia (0-8) its eighth loss, 45-17. BALTIMORE (7-1) stayed in a first-place tie in the Coastal Division by beating New York (5-3). Earl Morrall threw two touchdown passes to help defeat the old teammates 26-0. LOS ANGELES (7-1) shared first place with the Colts after a close win, 10-7, over Detroit (3-4-1). The Lions' Errol Barnes ran back the opening kick 98 yards for a touchdown, but within five minutes a Roman Gabriel pass evened it up. Bruce Gossett's field goal provided the winning margin. CHICAGO (4-4) pulled into a tie for the Central Division lead by upsetting the Packers 13-10. Mac Percival booted a game-winning 43-yard field goal with 26 seconds left. MINNESOTA (4-4) tied for the Central Division lead with the Bears as Viking rookie Charlie West returned a punt 98 yards against Washington (3-5). The Vikings won 27-14. PITTSBURGH (2-6) stayed at the bottom of the Century Division though they beat Atlanta (1-7) 41-21. Steeler Ron Jefferson caught four touchdown passes, one less than the NFL record, becoming the first player since 1963 to do so.

AFL NEW YORK's (6-2) *Jim Turner* kicked six field goals against Buffalo (1-7-1), two of them in the last 3½ minutes, and the Jets stayed atop the Eastern Division with a 25-21 win. OAKLAND (6-2-1) tied for second in the Western Division by beating Kansas City (7-2-1) 38-21 *(page 24)*. Raider Quarterback Daryle Lamonica passed for two touchdowns and ran for another. SAN DIEGO's (6-2) Lance Alworth caught two touchdown passes in the second half as the Chargers beat Miami (2-5-1) 34-28. That put San Diego into a tie with Oakland. DENVER (4-4) nearly beat Buffalo (3-5) 35-34 as Steve Tensi passed for two touchdowns and Floyd Little ran for 147 yards. HOUSTON (4-5) behind Dan Pastorini's two touchdown passes handed Cincinnati (2-7-1) its sixth straight loss.

GOLF CAROL MANN finished a disappointing third in The Rivet Plantation Invitational but with the 1968 tour not yet over she is already the first woman golfer to make more than $50,000 in official and unofficial winnings in one year.

HARNESS RACING HERVE FILION, a 28-year-old French Canadian driver, broke the one-year record here record with his 314th at Philadelphia's Liberty Bell Park. Filion now has a career record of 1,944 victories. He won his first race at the age of 13 and is one of eight brothers in the sport.

HOCKEY—NHL MONTREAL (7-1-1) lost its first game but remained at the top of the East Division by three points. The Canadiens beat the Maple Leafs 5-0 aided by Jacques Lemaire's two goals. NEW YORK (6-3) rose to a tie for second-place standing for seven goals in 20 minutes in a 7-3 win over the Penguins. CHICAGO's (6-3) only win was a 4-2 over Los Angeles featured two assists and the season's seventh goal for Bobby Hull. BOSTON (6-4) won for the first time at Minnesota 4-2 with third-period goals by Eddie Shack and Johnny Bucyk. TORONTO (4-3-1) built win was a 5-3 victory at New York and it snapped the Rangers' three-game streak. DETROIT's (3-4) record couldn't lift it from the division's cellar, but Frank Mahovlich's hat trick gave Red Wing fans some consolation. OAKLAND (3-5-2) moved to a tie for third in the West Division with Carol Vadnais' two-goal performance in a 5-2 win over the Black Hawks. ST. LOUIS (4-5), which now shares the lead with the Seals, beat the Flyers 4-1. LOS ANGELES (3-5-1) remained in second with a 3-2 win over the Penguins, which featured the season's first goal by Bill Flett, who led the team with 26 last year. MINNESOTA's (1-5-1) goalie Cesare Maniago shut out the Blues and put the team in a tie for second. PHILADELPHIA (2-5-2) rose to third despite two losses. The Flyers' only win came at Toronto 3-2 as Guy Gendron scored twice. PITTSBURGH (1-5-2) lost twice and dropped into the division's cellar.

HORSE RACING DR. FAGER carrying 139 pounds closed out an illustrious career by winning the seven-furlong Vosburgh Handicap by six lengths over Kissin George in the track record time of 1:20 1/5 at Aqueduct. It was the 22nd and last race for the 4-year-old colt who will stand at stud in Florida. He had 18 victories and won $1,002,642.

KATHY KUSNER, 28, the 103-pound show ring rider from Monkton, Md., became the first woman jockey in the U.S. ever licensed for flat racing on a major track where betting is legal.

TENNIS MRS. BILLIE JEAN KING of Albany, Calif. and Australia's ROD LAVER, winners of the singles titles at Wimbledon this year, were named world's best females and male players by a selection committee acting for *World Tennis* magazine.

MILEPOSTS—*HONORED*: BOB GIBSON, whose earned run average (1.12) was the lowest in National League history and DENNY McLAIN, the first 30-game winner in 34 years, unanimous choices for the Cy Young Memorial Awards as baseball's best pitchers in the National and American leagues respectively. Gibson's 22-9 record led the St. Louis Cardinals to their third pennant in five years and McLain's 31 wins with only six defeats helped the Tigers gain their first flag since 1945.

CREDITS

4—Ron D. Carey. 17, 18—Tony Triolo. 19, 20—Walter Iooss. 23—Pi. 24, 25—Sho-o, & Lonn. 26, 27—Cos. Cowles. Cornia 5. 36, 37—Ken Feiden. Ralph Crane. 44—Herb Schaffman. 52—AP. Associated Newspapers. 55—Herb Schaffman. 75—Edith Meet, Richard Meiswe, Wolcott e Mcin ey, Sentinel Newspapers Staff, Don Jones Studio.

FACES IN THE CROWD

WILLIAM WERTENBAKER of Manhattan, a writer on *The New Yorker* magazine, for the second straight year sailed his dark green 36½-foot gaff-rigged schooner *Trehee* to first place in its class, on corrected time, in New York Harbor's annual schooner race.

CYNTHIA PAQUET, of Bath, Me., started swinging a golf club at 12. At 19 she began a four-year reign as champion of the Bath Country Club and has now won the Maine women's amateur title, one-upping her mother, who entered many times but never won.

HARVEY ADAMS, 15, a Herlong (Calif.) High School sophomore full back, does not play full games because he embarrasses rivals. He once gained 246 yards in eight tries for the JVs and scored five times. In seven games he has 1,287 yards in 54 tries and 26 TDs.

RON OLSON of Brooklyn Center, Minn., secretary of a Minneapolis bowling league, rolled his third sanctioned 300 game, five years to the day after his first. In that span he also has had three unsanctioned 300s. Olson has been bowling 18 years and has a 200 average.

JANET HENRY, 15-year-old horsewoman from Tulsa, riding since the age of 6, took the blue ribbon in the national finals of the AHSA saddle-seat competition for riders under 18 at Kansas City. She won two trophies and now has nearly 50.

RICK BIRD IN GROUND, a Crow Indian from Big Horn County, Montana, for the third straight year led the Flandreau (S. Dak.) Indian School to a state high school cross-country title. He has won all a mile and 880 yards the past two years.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

OLYMPIC REPRISE

Sirs

In spite of the altitude, *turistas*, stomachaches, sore throats, the disgraceful exhibition of John Carlos and Tommie Smith, the idiotic behavior of the members of the Harvard crew, two atrocious decisions in the boxing matches, the wrangling over South Africa, the threatened boycott in this country, charges of collusion in the wrestling matches, etc., the Olympic Games in Mexico City were a grand show, brilliantly described by your John Underwood. World and Olympic records were tumbled, and the management and scheduling were perfect against the magnificent settings that the Mexicans provided.

ROBERT W. WOOD JR.

Princeton, N.J.

Sirs:

God bless Pappy Gault, a really fine gentleman. The most poignant moment at the Olympics, for me, was not the spontaneous snake dance after the final ceremony—it was Pappy reassuring Albert Robinson as they leaned across the ropes after that truly unbelievable decision.

I understand the Russians are going to revamp their sports program because their athletes did so poorly. What, if anything, are they going to do about their contribution to the officiating? It was their referee who put the KO on Robinson and robbed him of a gold medal.

NANCY E. CHAPMAN

Denver

Sirs:

In my mind the one sore spot in the summer Olympics has been and continues to be the unofficial scoring system, which tends to turn the emphasis from individuals to nations. The total medal tally, purely unofficial of course, degrades the entire spirit of the Games.

Unfortunately, the emphasis put on team medals seems to be growing and undoubtedly will continue to do so. I think that a more equitable system should be established as long as there is going to be such a system at all. How can the U.S.A. or the U.S.S.R. pretend to have won the Olympics over a country such as Kenya when the larger countries have sent so many more competitors?

I propose a sealed system whereby a gold is worth five points, silver three and bronze one, and where the number of members of each team is divided into the medal value to determine the point total of that medal.

For example: Kenya, with 50 competitors, wins a gold medal in the 10,000 meters. Thus, 50 into five (gold medal tally) equals 1. Note the U.S.A. with, say, 200 competitors wins a gold medal in the pole vault, the value of that gold medal would be 200 into five, or .025.

I believe this system would bring the total medal count to a certain parity and would emphasize the individual aspects to a greater extent. It would also create greater interest in a total-medals race which would not be out of reach of any country, regardless of size.

WHITNEY B. SMYTH

Towson, Md.

BLACK PRIDE

Sirs

If the U.S. Olympic Committee had stood up for Tommie Smith and John Carlos more strongly or had quietly asked Mr. Brundage to consider the prudence of the IOC demand in requiring what would obviously be interpreted as an antiblack action in the racially troubled U.S., the IOC might have backed down. In the event the IOC had still demanded action by the U.S., a refusal by the U.S. Olympic Committee, even if it resulted in the suspension of the entire U.S. team, might have done more for racial cooperation at home than the great medal total will do for the American image around the world.

JAMES E. AUER

Arlington, Mass.

Sirs

Wasn't there ample opportunity for black pride to be demonstrated in the excellence of black competition? Wasn't the black athlete given the best chance of all to show his mettle in the many great performances he gave? And, what about the African black competitor? Why weren't our black athletes spending less time congratulating themselves and comporting like ultra prima donnas and more time showing greater interest in and sportsmanship toward their racial brethren from Ethiopia, Kenya, the Caribbean and other areas? The Games were marked by many excellent examples of comradeship and sportsmanship between athletes, but, even though I watched carefully for it, I saw none between our black athletes and any others except themselves. And, isn't that what the Olympics are supposed to be all about?

JOHN R. PRESTON

Racine, Wis.

LAST LAUGH

Sirs

In reference to John Underwood's article, *Lost Laughter*, Sept. 30: the Olympics proved that the Kenyans got the last laugh.

STEVEN MANIS

Knoxville, Tenn.

Sirs

Does John Underwood, too, now wake up with black faces laughing at him? It occurs to me that he was used by the Kenyans in a clever campaign to psych their opponents—and especially Jim Ryun—into underestimating them.

BARBARA BELL

Boston

Sirs

An immense amount of thanks should be given to former Coach John Velzian who paved the way to the gold and silver for Kenya.

The background provided by SI for this Olympics was truly outstanding. John Underwood's article was just great.

P. G. BURKHART

Manomet, Mass.

RICK'S FURLOUGH

Sirs

I have just finished reading with much interest Frank Deford's story (*The Furlough Was Salubrious*, Oct. 28) on Rick Barry's return to basketball. As you may or may not know, Rick spent last year playing for our radio station team, the KYA Radio Oneders, who raised in excess of $60,000 for northern California high schools. Needless to say, the mere presence of Barry meant an automatic sellout crowd wherever the team played. Rick really did not have to do something of this nature, but he went out of his way for us because of his feeling for young people and his desire to help anyone he can.

JOHNNY HOLLIDAY

San Francisco

HUNGRY JAYHAWKS

Sirs:

Since the days of John Hadl and Gale Sayers, the University of Kansas Jayhawks have been starving for a good football team. This year Kansans everywhere, including transplants like me, seem to think they have it.

So does William Johnson. His fine article (*Hawk in a Cornfield*, Oct. 21) was a most welcome credit to Pepper Rodgers' 1968 crew. It is a story which I hope will be repeated against the remaining Jayhawk foes.

Should the menace in the Midwest keep up the good work, I look forward to SI's coverage of the rest of the Jayhawk season. As you know, the Cornhuskers are far from being the end of the line of formidable Kansas opponents. The Rodgers machinery has to grind against Oklahoma and Missouri, and some believed that Colorado was a solid threat.

Win or lose, however, I'd like to thank

continued

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William Johnson and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for bringing to life a real surprise in the Top Ten, the Kansas Jayhawks.

HANK BUSCHER JR

Forest Heights, Md

RENAISSANCE BASKETBALL

Sirs

Many readers must be confused by the statement that it took 43 years for the Harlem Globetrotters pro basketball team to play in New York's Harlem (SCORECARD, Oct 28). The home base of the Globetrotters is Chicago's Harlem. Between the 1920s and 1940s, New York Harlem's pro team was known as the New York Rens and they played at the old Renaissance Casino, a ballroom holding about 1,500 spectators located a good basketball throw from famed 125th Street. The Rens never lost at home, and it was rumored that they played with six men, the referee included. Many memorable games at the Casino in the 1930s were played against the Original Celtics, with Nat Holman, Joe Lapchick, Dutch Dehnert, Pete Barry and Davey Banks.

JACK MANTEL

Wheaton, Md

● Chicago is home base, but the Harlem in the name refers to New York, to indicate that Saperstein's Globetrotters are Negroes. ED.

NOMINATIONS

Sirs

For eight months I could find no nominees for Sportsman of the Year, then Arthur Ashe served himself into the picture. Denny McLain seemed a likely choice, but Bob Gibson, then Lolich made for too many complications. LeRoy or O.J.? Ashe in the stretch. Still Ashe. Then last night I changed my mind. Only one vote this year. Debbie Meyer. Even Tass has hacked this play. Who have you got better? Keino? He lost two *before he won*. No. A *woman for Sportsman* of the Year. Debbie Meyer.

BARRY M. VOLKMAN

Yonkers, N.Y.

Sirs

Sportsman of the Year has to be the Black Athlete. You should award *four* urns to the men whose combination of militance, generosity of spirit and accomplishment best represent that which is good in Man.

These urns should go to:

1. *Jackie Robinson*, who found the right formula against heavy odds.

2. Bill Russell, who affirms the combination in a new way each season.

3. Bob Gibson, a winner who was first to congratulate the other winners.

4. Arthur Ashe, whose youth and whose eloquence in word and deed symbolize the promise of full equality. Perhaps the name

continued

I'd Rather Be Bo McMillin than Governor

That's what the governor of Kentucky himself said when 'effulgent' Bo and the Prayin' Colonels of Centre College got back to the bluegrass after beating the proudest school in the North **by BILLY REED**

A few eggheads may remember that Princetonian Adlai Stevenson's grandfather (who was a Vice-President of the U.S.) was graduated from Centre College in Danville, Ky. But that is not what made Centre famous. What made Centre famous is another graduate: the great Alvin Nugent McMillin, known to his classmates and to football fans of the '20s as Bo and to himself as Ol' Nuge. For it was Ol' Nuge who helped the Prayin' Colonels of Centre bring proud Harvard to its knees half a century ago in one of the great chapters of intercollegiate football history.

In the highly competitive intellectual atmosphere of today, McMillin probably wouldn't make it past the registrar at Centre. Even in 1917 he was that tiny college's most unlikely matriculant freshman—a Texas orphan who grew up with a pool cue in his hand, who loved football and gambling to the exclusion of all else and who frankly didn't give a damn for study.

As a boy in Fort Worth Bo neither drank nor smoked nor swore. His closest brush with profanity was, "Oh, my side and body." But he didn't do much else either, except skitter on the rim of trouble. His saving grace was football and his favorite haunt was the field at Fort Worth's North Side High, where a Centre graduate, Robert L. (Chief) Myers, was head coach. The first time Myers saw Bo run, he was being chased by the cops.

Sometime after that, in the summer of 1916, Myers wrote Dick Williams, a former classmate who was working in a Somerset, Ky. drugstore: "I've got a boy under my wing down here in Texas who's a football-playing fool and I want him to go to Centre. He lacks enough credits to get in, but he's hankering for a college education and he'll study if he must. I'd like for you to get him in a high school up there—away from his pool-playing pals in Texas—and close enough to Danville to absorb some of that old Centre College spirit."

Happily enough, Williams belonged to a newly formed group called the Stovepipe Committee, so named because its members sat around a potbellied stove in a doctor's office figuring ways to improve Somerset High's football team. A special meeting was called by Williams, and the upshot of it was that a dusty, pug-nosed, bushy-headed kid named McMillin soon made his appearance in Somerset.

Getting Bo to Somerset and keeping him there soon proved to be two different matters. Time after time he complained of homesickness and threatened to go home. To keep him happy the committee summoned two of his pals, James (Red) Weaver and Thad McDonald from Texas. The three boys were put up together in the spare bedroom at motherly Mrs. Frank Ellis' house to make them feel at home, and arrangements were made with the night long-distance operator for Bo to call Texas free of charge. The Stovepipe Committee also gave the boys an iron and began a "pressing club," whereby 30 members agreed to pay $1 each per month to have their suits pressed. This lasted until McMillin, forgetting his iron to flirt with a girl, burned a hole through the seat of his coach's pants. Nevertheless, backed by such homegrown talent as James (Red) Roberts and John Sherman Cooper, now a U.S. Senator, Somerset's Texans helped their football team win every game except one by a large margin. Soon McMillin was moving his act on to Centre.

It didn't take Bo long to become a phenomenon around Danville: gambler, nonstudent and football player extraordinary. He attempted at first to renew his pressing business, but soon found he could make easier money rolling dice. Legend has it that he could toss the ivories against a ceiling and make them roll seven on a bed, and that he could roll from two to 12 and back to two on successive rolls. "Ol' Nuge isn't doing this because he wants to," he would say, "only because he *has* to." On road trips Bo and Red Roberts would do their best to look like country hayseeds, then go hustle the local pool sharks.

McMillin the scholar would usually be found sitting back of a coal stove in Greek class where he would sleep until the professor, who liked football, would shout, "Will somebody kindly wake up that trifling McMillin?" Then Bo would get to his feet and begin mumbling until the professor stopped him. "Well, now, that's pretty good for an athlete," the professor would say, putting down a high mark for Bo, who would go back to sleep. McMillin liked to kid about his curriculum: "The ABC course—Athletics, Bible and Chapel."

Meanwhile, Centre's football team rolled along largely unbeaten, reaching new heights with a 3–0 victory over the University of Kentucky in 1917. At halftime in that game the Colonels hadn't scored and the coach, Uncle Charley Moran, suggested a prayer. "God damn it, coach, let *me* do the prayin'," said Bob Mathias, and he did. After that Centre had a nickname, the "Prayin' Colonels." Later Bo made this distinction: "Lots of folks think we'd go out on the field afore a game and kneel down in front of everybody to ask God to help us win another football game. That's not true. Pray? Shore, we'd pray. But we'd ask that nobody got hurt real bad and that we'd play a real good game like we'd been taught."

Centre first gained notice in the East by beating West Virginia 14–6 in 1919, soon after the West Virginians had upset a strong Princeton team. Curiosity brought Harvard star Eddie Mahan and Boston Sports Editor Howard G. Reyn-

continued

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olds to Danville to see if the Prayin' Colonels were for real and—more specifically—to see if they were good enough to come to Cambridge and take on Harvard. On that day Centre beat Georgetown, Ky. 77–0, and the scouts returned with such a glowing report that Centre was scheduled to play mighty Harvard the next season.

In their first meeting the Harvards won 31–14, but the game was closer than the score might indicate. Centre trailed Harvard 14–0, when McMillin carried and passed the ball with little outside help for more than 180 yards and 14 points, tying the game. Only in the second half, when Harvard's strength began to take its toll on the 16 tiring Centre players, was the home team able to pull away. Centre made $8,500 from that game, a real bonanza in those days, and the fans' reaction to the Kentuckians was so favorable that Harvard scheduled Centre again for the 1921 season.

Under Chief Myers, who had followed McMillin to Centre to become coach, and then athletic director, Centre's football program had come a long way, but Myers' successor, Coach Moran, still cobbled his players' football shoes, and the team's jerseys had been shredded to the point of embarrassment. Before the second game with Harvard Uncle Charley went out and bought some plain white jerseys at a rummage sale. His wife and other Danville ladies dyed the shirts gold and painted white stripes on them. "So we could look respectablelike while we whaled the stuffin' out of our opponents," as McMillin graphically put it.

Before beating Centre in 1920, Harvard had beaten Oregon in the Rose Bowl. The Crimsons hadn't been defeated in formal play since 1916.

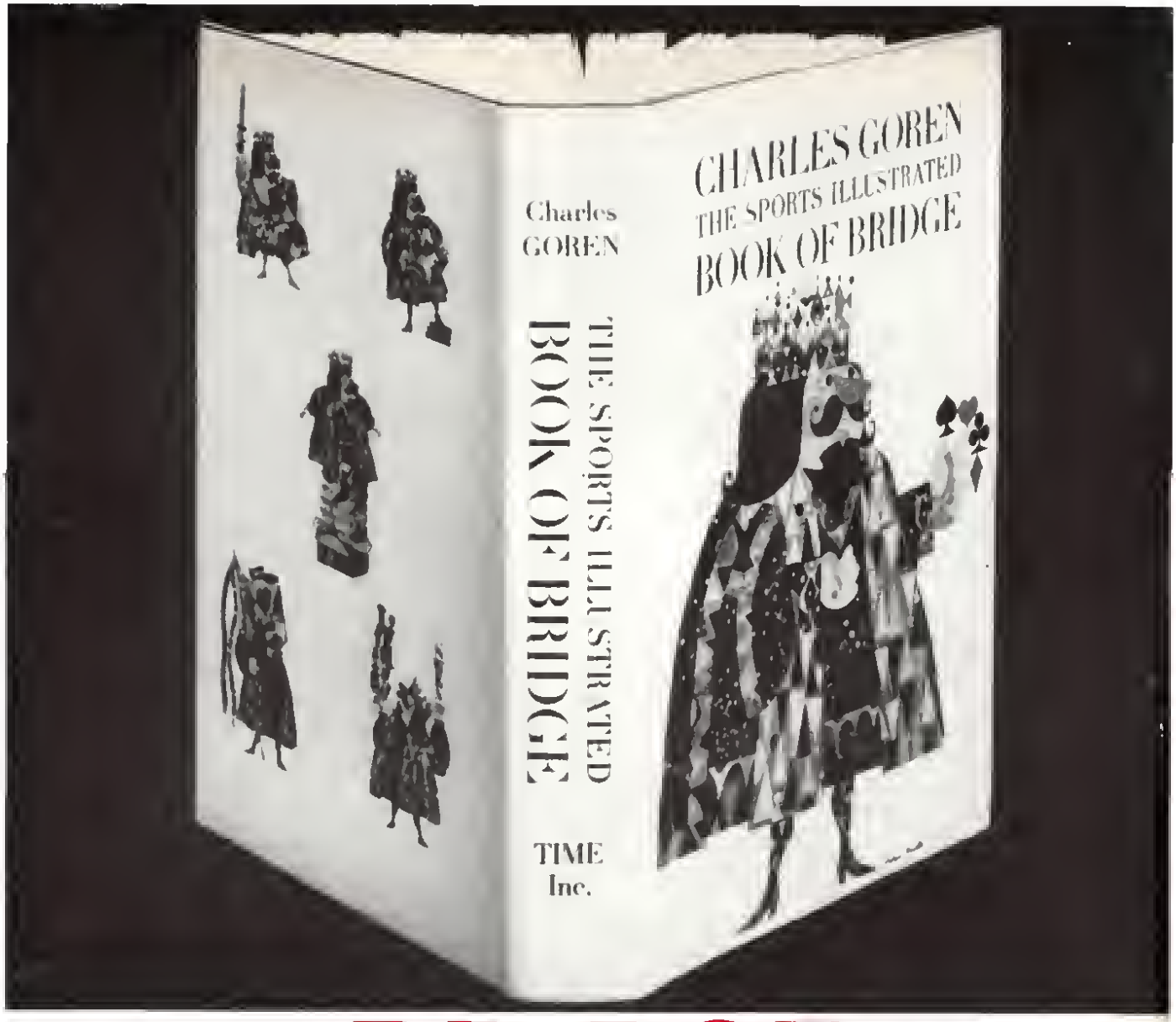
Earlier in the year Bo had scouted Harvard. He had come back to Danville 15 pounds lighter, reportedly because he lost all his money gambling on the way. Still, McMillin was so sure that Centre would win that he sent a buddy to Boston a week before the game with instructions to buy a block of tickets, scalp them at high prices and then bet the whole wad on Centre.

The game was played on the sunny afternoon of Oct. 29, 1921, with 45,000 fans in the stands at Cambridge. Centre played it close to the vest in the first half. Then, shortly after the second half began, a piling-on penalty against Harvard gave Centre the ball at the home team's 32-yard line. The story goes that McMillin called a huddle and said, loud enough for the Harvard players to overhear, "Now, men, here's the break for which we've waited two years. Here's where we win the ball game." That somehow doesn't sound like Bo's way of talking, but whatever it was he said, a moment later McMillin took the snap from Center Weaver, faked to Terry Snowday and followed Roberts' blocking into the right side of the line. Passing the line of scrimmage, Bo suddenly veered to his left, then took off for the end zone with the Harvards in hot pursuit. Pausing at the 10 just long enough to let a couple of Crimsons sail by, McMillin crossed the goal line seconds before he was smothered from the rear.

It didn't matter that the extra-point attempt failed. Harvard was all but done. In the final minute the Crimson quarterback, Charley Buell, completed a pass that was carried to the Centre three, but Harvard was offside. Final score: Centre 6, Harvard 0. Fans rushed to carry Bo McMillin off the field on their shoulders while others stood with bared heads and sang *My Old Kentucky Home*. Some of the Centre players sold their rummage-sale jerseys for anywhere from $10 to $50.

The team celebrated that night at the Hotel Lenox, then entrained for its trip back to Danville. At Cincinnati the team's Pullmans were cut off the main line and hooked to a Southern Railway Special. Bo McMillin, his pockets stuffed with winnings, took the throttle while Red Roberts shoveled coal and the team sang *Casey Jones*. At Danville they were met by hundreds of delirious fans. The notation "C 6, H 0" had been smeared all over town. Someone had even rounded up 10 or 12 cows, painted the score on their flanks and run them up Danville's main street. The players rode around town on a firetruck, and the governor of Kentucky, Edwin P. Morrow, said, "I'd rather be Bo McMillin at this moment than the governor of Kentucky." Headlines in Danville's *Kentucky Advocate* went even farther than that: "Centre Wins! McMillin Hero of the Football World, President of the United States for Time Being. He is the Great Effulgent Star!"

"Only one thing's been aworryin' me since that day," Bo McMillin told a friend many years later. "What does effulgent mean?" END



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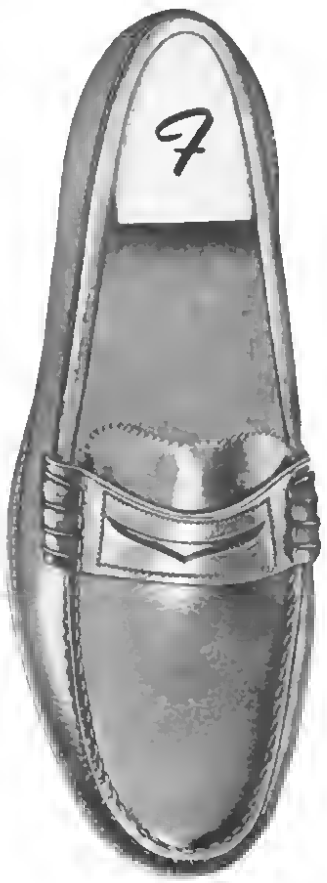

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DAVID W. PUGH

Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Sirs

Bill Toomey's outstanding performance in the decathlon of the Olympics was one of the most thrilling athletic events I have ever witnessed. His determination, mental and physical stamina, and superb ability are ample qualifications, I believe, for SI's annual award of Sportsman of the Year.

JIM GARRERT

Reading, Mass.

Sirs

I nominate Al Kaline as SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Sportsman of the Year. Anyone who has such a tremendous season and Series deserves a lot more than a standing ovation.

MARK BOELKINS

Muskegon, Mich.

Sirs

No one is more deserving of the Sportsman of the Year award than Floyd Patterson, who continues to be a living symbol of the humility and persistence of a true sportsman, while enduring the humiliation of a dying sport.

LARRY SUTTERBY

Kansas City, Mo.

Sirs

My nominee for 1968's Sportsman of the Year is Al Oerter.

His achievement of winning a fourth consecutive gold medal in the Olympic Games discus throw is monumental and should not be disregarded.

DICK NASH

Arcadia, Calif.

Sirs

I would like to nominate a very animated Scotsman named Jackie Stewart. This man has had some of the worst luck this year of any sportsman. The death of one of his dear friends, Jim Clark, started it. Then he fractured his wrist practicing for a rather unimportant race, which kept him out of Indy. In the Belgian Grand Prix, with the cast still on, he had the race almost won when he ran out of gas. In the Dutch Grand Prix he won the race decisively, his right wrist so painful that he couldn't use it to shake the hand of a presiding official. Then, when he was almost out of the race for world champion, he won the doubly dangerous German Grand Prix at Nurburgring in the wet, and the recent U.S. Grand Prix. With only one more race to go, he is only three points behind leader Graham Hill.

KATHY ANDERSON

Indianapolis

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